The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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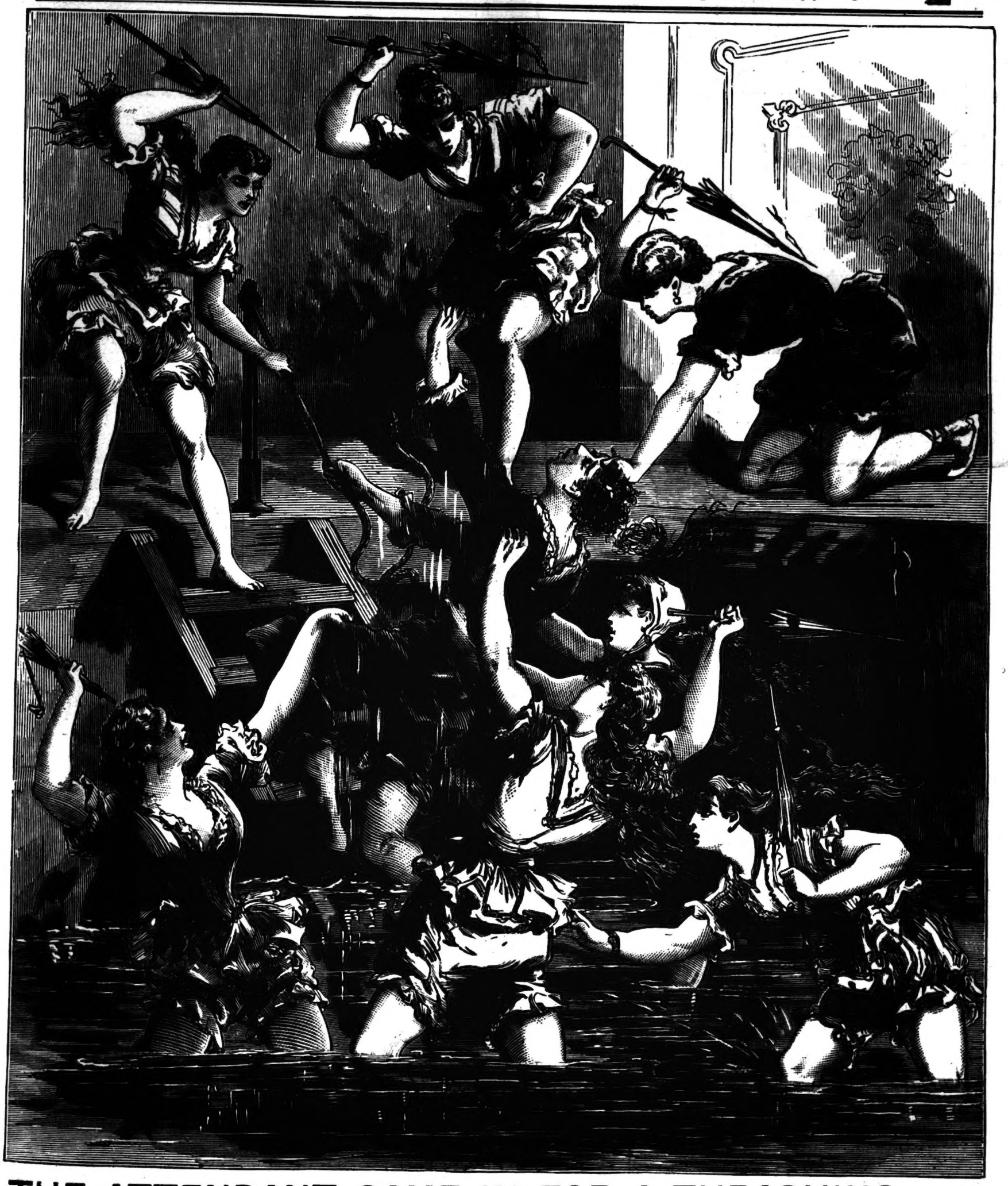

THE ATTENDANT CAME IN FOR A THRASHING.

Used their Parasols as Weapons of Offence.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

Published Weekly by
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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1900.

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CORRESPONDENTS MUST WRITE ON ONE SIDE OF THE PAPER ONLY, OTHERWISE THEIR COMMUNICATIONS CANNOT BE INSERTED.

All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "THE MIRROR OF LIFE," Ltd., 172. Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. BARKER.—He was not defeated at that date, but subsequently.
R. STROUD.—Certainly.
EAST COAST.—1. It must fall in the boundary. 2. No bird.
J. S.—1. Send photo and record, which will be inserted in due course. 2. Nothing.
T. LAWSON. — The track was carefully measured.
A. CAMERON.—Miss Beckwith swam twenty miles in the Thames.
A. F. MITCHELL.—1. At the Eden Theatre. 2. Pritchard won in two rounds.
C. HEDGE.—The match took place at the National Sporting Club.
D. A. P.—1. The ring is covered with thick felt. 2. Spikes are not worn in their shoes or boots.
H. ANSTRUTHER.—1. The last we heard of him was in South Africa. 2. Yes, probably.
B. E. T.—They are both amateurs.
E. E.—John Roberts.
E. T.—In the case of a dead-heat the winning money and stake are put together and divided equally.
L. O. N.—1. Yes, more than two years. 2. It was exactly two years and two months to the date mentioned.
N. B.—You can get the outfit at any athletic stores.
C. FREEMAN.—Yes, and is now making a match, so that your information that he had left the ring for good is incorrect.
E. PRESSY.—Bob Fitzsimmons' first fight was with a New Zealand native named Slade.
O. C.—He was touring England in July, 1896.
A. B. C.—His right name is Albert Griffiths.
Y. X.—1. Your letter received with thanks. 2. Yes.
G. RODS.—1. Distribute the card face up to each player. He who receives the knave takes first deal. 2. No.
PINK.—1. The price is according to quality. 2. Very good. 3. 18s. 6d.
AMATEUR.—Get a companion or two and practice in spare time.
CESTUS.—Yes, Jem Mace and many others.
ARTHUR F. GUNN (Birmingham).—1. Jack Dempsey died October 22, 1895. 2. According to condition, from 10s. to £1.
C. GOODE (Portsmouth).—If you can condense your letter we should be most happy to print it, but at present our space is so limited that it is too long for publication.
HARRY LEVY (Houndsditch).—Barney Aaron beat Sam Collier at catch-weight, 68 rounds, 2hr, at Acans Creek, Virginia, June 2, 1857. In a return battle Collier beat Aaron for the light-weight championship in 47 rounds, 2hr 5m, on the Potomac River, June 20, 1886.
H. G. (Belfast).—The pivot blow is when the boxer swings round as though on a pivot to deliver his blow, which generally alights on the back of an opponent.
O. V.—Disqualified in the twelfth round.
H. TAYLOR.—The race was from London to Brighton.
D. SHEEN.—Evidently a printer's error.
C. LUMLEY.—1. In "Boxiana" or "Fistiana." 2. Out of print.
SUBSCRIBER.—Always wear gloves when ball punching.
SAVATTE.—It will not find favour in here.
T. HURST.—1. The horse has gone to the stud. 2. About.
C. P.—£3,000.
O. A. H.—He was beaten once by Nat Langham.

(Several Answers crowded out)

THE RUHLIN v. FITZSIMMONS CONTEST.

CHAMPIONS ANXIOUS TO BE AT IT BEFORE THE REPEAL OF THE HORTON LAW.

FITZ AND CHAMPIONS WHO HAVE FOUGHT AT FORTY.

THE FIRST BIG BOXING CONTEST OF THE SEASON TO BE BROUGHT OFF AT WONDERLAND.

THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP—CRAIG v. GARDINER.

THE last days of boxing in New York State may be likened to the last days of Pompei. The Gladiators, knowing they will be overwhelmed by the Horton law when it comes into operation, are desirous of having one more contest. Jem Jeffries, in hot haste, has made known his intention of meeting the winner of the Fitzsimmons v. Ruhlin contest. The plaister cast in which Jem's left arm has been encased for six weeks has been removed, and Jeffries is confident that he will be able to use it before the collapse of the sport. Should Billy Madden's Big'un defeat Bob Fitzsimmons the boxing world of New York would wish for nothing better than to see two of the biggest men the Prize-Ring has ever known "duck their nuts" under the ropes, and stand up to meet each in battle array. Billy Madden is a most astute manager. Had Jem Jeffries been in a position to meet Gus Ruhlin after the latter had demolished Tom Sharkey he would only have been able to bring off one contest, as the victor in a contest Jeffries v. Ruhlin would be left in undisturbed possession of the title of world's champion. Jeffries' hand being bad, and Fitzsimmons springing into the breach, has given Madden a certain big gate on August 10, with the probability of a larger one should the two giants—Jeffries and Ruhlin — meet before the Horton Law becomes inoperative. It has been shown that so much money can be made by bringing off contests in Madison Square Garden that Champion Jem Jeffries is using his best endeavours to get himself into shape to pull off a fight before the repeal of the Horton Law comes into effect. With all his desire for a share in the pugilistic banquet Jem Jeffries will never at short notice be able to do himself justice. His left hand has certainly not recovered sufficiently to take on such a fighter as the Akron giant. With a contest between the two big 'uns only speculative the match between Gus Ruhlin and Fitzsimmons has resolved itself into an absolute certainty. Fitzsimmons has defeated men a stone or more heavier than himself, as witness his defeats of Tom Sharkey and Jem Corbett but Fitz has never before taken on such a big order as Billy Madden's Big 'un. Granted Fitz defeated Tom Sharkey—a victory the fruits of which he was deprived by the referee—this victory was not nearly so overwhelming as the defeat inflicted by Gus Ruhlin when Tom Sharkey was undoubtedly at his best.

There are rare exceptions when men of forty have shown marked excellence in the prize-ring. Jem Mace was nearly forty when he defeated Tom Allen for the American championship. On May 10, 1870, Mace met Tom Allen at New Orleans in ten rounds in forty-four minutes. Richmond the Black was over forty-two years of age when he fought Tom Cribb, and nearly sixty years of age when he defeated Carter in a room fight at Jack Randall's house — the Hole in the Wall, in Chancery Lane. In fact, Richmond was the most extraordinary pugilist who ever entered the ring—not beginning his ring career until he (Richmond) was over thirty years of age. Another fistic celebrity who took his fighting on at an advanced age was Joe Ward. Born in 1751 Joe's first fight was in 1788 with the accomplished Irish pugilist, Tom Reynolds; but all men are not like the above enumerated, as Fitzsimmons may find to his cost when at forty years of age he enters the ring to contend against the mass of muscularity against which Bob has pitted himself. Years younger, stones heavier, and almost as scientific as Fitzsimmons, the latter will have to look to himself when the Akron giant lashes out his speedy left. Jem Corbett, who, in conjunction with Billy Madden has been the Akron giant's mentor, has never forgotten the blow on the "solar plexus," otherwise the "mark," which caused Jem's downfall. Jem Corbett has no doubt taught Gus Ruhlin how to avoid; and Fitz may find himself in difficulties when trying for his favourite coup. Should the Akron giant fight as well with Fitzsimmons as he fought with Tom Sharkey we do not see where the chance of the red-headed ex-champion comes in. The straight left nullified all Sharkey's springs and rushes, and this same straight left may nullify all Fitzsimmons' creeping-in tactics. The fight will be over and the winner named before the date of our next issue, but we should be very much surprised, judging by Gus Ruhlin's last performance, if the lanky Cornishman comes out on top. Should he do so he has more tricks up his sleeve than he has hitherto exposed in his many other fistic engagements.

What looks like one of the best boxing contests of the ensuing season will take place in the early portion of next month, not at the head-quarters of boxing, as is usually the case. Not in the fashionable West, but out eastward ho! at that now famous home for boxing entertainments—Wonderland. As we have stated in another portion of the paper, the match, like so many other international ones, was made at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office. Although our most recent candidate for middle-weight honours hails from America, his home is in County Clare, Ireland, and he desires to contest as an Irishman, *not* an American. As Frank Craig is domiciled in London he will contest as a native of the United Kingdom. An application was made to the headquarters of boxing for a suitable purse, and the offer there made would have been entertained, but the manager, being unable to fix a date until the middle of October, the visitors considered that even the winning end of the purse would be swallowed up in expenses incidental to such a long wait. What is a loss to one pugilistic house of entertainment is no doubt a gain to another, and as Wonderland has seating accommodation for two thousand five hundred persons the contestants have gone on the plan recently adopted in America—a share in the gate, with a certain assured sum of £200 guaranteed in case the gate does not come up to the above purse. George Gardiner looks quite a youth by the side of his more experienced rival, Frank Craig. In fact, so boyish did our newest arrival look that we thought George had either a good deal of assurance or a good deal of ability to back him up to go against such a sound performer as the "Coffee Cooler." Although an unknown quantity in this country, Gardiner has made his name pretty well respected in his own, and if, as reported, he is the second best middle-weight in America after "Kid" McCoy, this contest should be the middle-weight contest of the season. Gardiner stands some 5ft 11in, which is rather a tall measurement for a middle-weight. He is very well built, and seems endowed very strongly with the bump of determination. However many, long, or fiercely contested Gardiner's battles may have been in America, he seems to have passed the ordeal unscathed, for his features, which are of the genteel order, do not show any of the trade marks usually appertaining to pugilism. This contest will be the more interesting in the fact that the opponents are as nearly as possible the same height and about the same build, Frank Craig ("Coffee Cooler") inclining to the heavier side by a few pounds; but as the men weigh-in at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office at four o'clock on the day of the encounter, both men are bound by a heavy forfeit to pass the scale at the middle-weight limit. The match is made strictly under Queensberry rules; and here we would like to explain to the contestants, as we had some hand in helping to make this match, what we mean by "strict Queensberry Rules." No holding an opponent by the neck, arm, or body to his disadvantage. No laying on an opponent—that is resting on an opponent's body to his disadvantage. No using the head as a means of offence. No hugging at the ropes or clinching. Should there be an inadvertent clinch, as there always must be in boxing, the men to break away and drop their arms before again striking. As we were asked by the Strangers to interpret the meaning of "strict Queensberry rules," we have given the above as our opinion on the subject. The Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE appoints referee and timekeeper.

GEORGE GARDINER,

Of Lowell, Mass., U.S.A., Now Matched to Meet "The Coffee Cooler" at Wonderland, September 10.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE GARDINER, middle-weight, was born in County Clare, Ireland, in February, 1879, and is now twenty-one years of age. When a boy he removed with his parents to Manchester, N.H., where he began his fistic career in 1897. About a year ago he removed to Lowell, Mass., with his folks, and has since resided there. His record in full is published for the first time below:—

		Rds.
	1897.	
Mar. 7	Beat Mat Leary, Manchester, N.H.	4
Mar. 10	Knocked out Jack Young, Manchester, N.H.	3
Mar. 17	Knocked out Jack Young, Manchester, N.H.	2
April 10	Knocked out Tom Moore, Laconia, N.H.	4
April 27	Knocked out Tom O'Brien, Concord, N.H.	1
May 14	Knocked out Emmet Johnson, Manchester, N.H.	3
May 20	Knocked out Hugh Winters, Manchester, N.H.	6
	1898.	
Nov. 20	Knocked out Hugh Colgan, Philadelphia	3
Dec. 10	Beat Professor Evans, Manchester, N.H.	3
Dec. 25	Knocked out "Thunderbolt" Smith, Montreal, Can.	7
	1899.	
Jan. 20	Drew with Bob Montgomery, Manchester, N.H.	10
Mar. 24	Knocked out Andy Moynahan, Manchester, N.H.	3
April 9	Beat John E. Butler, Lowell ...	7
June 7	Beat Young Sharkey, Lowell ...	9
July 31	Draw with Dick Simms, Lowell ...	6
Aug. 7	Beat Harry Fisher, Brooklyn ...	17
Sept. 16	Lost to Jemmy Handler, Brooklyn	18
Dec. 12	Beat Jack Moffatt, B.A.C., N.Y. ...	8
	1900.	
Jan. 9	Beat Harry Fisher, Lynn	9
Feb. 2	Draw with George Byers, Lynn ...	15
Feb. 12	Knocked out Jemmy Handler, Brooklyn	3
Feb. 22	Beat George Byers, Hartford, Ct. ...	14
Mar. 14	Beat Jack Burke, Lynn	4
April 17	Beat Jack FitzPatrick, Portland ...	9
April 23	Knocked out Dick Baker, Manchester, N.H.	4
May 6	Beat Charley Goff, Utica, N.Y. ...	7
May 14	Draw with George Byers, Boston...	15
May 31	Beat "Kid" Carter, C.I., S.C. ...	19

BOSTON BEAUTY GOES FOR HER NEW YORK RIVAL.

A Black Eye Will be Answered for in Court.

(Subject of Illustration.)

BOSTON is described by the residents as the "hub" of the universe, and the girl from this cultured city of America looks down considerably on her sisters in New York or Chicago. A young lady from the former place was a rival to a fair Bostonian, and they met, each in up-to-date costume and stylish get-up. With fierce anger blazing from her eyes, the tall beauty whipped in the right on her rival's pretty nose; the latter, smarting under the blow, attempted to get a handful of the Boston girl's tresses, and the pair would have done further mischief had they not been separated.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Jack Everhardt (light-weight, of America).
Mr. Owen Kenney (manager of George Gardiner, and proprietor of the Queen City Athletic Club, Manchester, U.S.A.)
George Gardiner (middle-weight from America).
Billy Lee (proprietor of the Waverley Athletic Club, Yonkers, N.Y., U.S.A., manager of Tom Broderick and Pinkey Evans).
Mr. John D. Hargreaves (Yonkers, U.S.A.).
Frank Craig (the "Coffee Cooler").
Mr. Reagan (Boston, U.S.A.).
Mr. Harris (New York, U.S.A.).
Mike Casey.
Joe Barrett.
Harry Fowler.
A. J. Sullivan (Cardiff).
Joe Smith (boxing promoter, Wonderland).
George Turffery (winner of Doggett's Coat and Badge).
W. Reeves (George Turffery's trainer).
Mr. J. E. Manning.
Mr. Hinton.
Charles Lambert (of Horsemonden).
Alf. Lambert (of Horsemonden).
Harry Day.
Robert E. Wilson (Brooklyn, U.S.A.).
Billy Gordon.
Mr. and Mrs. James Lowes (Hexham House, Newcastle-on-Tyne).

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Editor, The Mirror of Life, London.

New York, July 28, 1900.

Bob Fitzsimmons, who is to tackle big Gus Ruhlin in a twenty-five round bout at the Madison Square Garden on August 10, is training as hard for this battle as he did for his contest with Jem Corbett, which made him champion. The lanky Australian is working for the contest at Bergen Beach, and is rounding into fine shape. Fitz is unusually confident as to the result of this fight. "You can say from me that I'll beat Ruhlin within fifteen rounds. I saw him fight Sharkey, and am satisfied with the line I got on him then. It may be a 'pipe' for me, but I won't say so just now. I'll surely win, that's all there is to it." Fitz's left hand, which was torn so badly by his young lion, and which prevented him from meeting Ruhlin before, has healed entirely, and is as strong as ever. The course of training which Lanky Bob is undergoing is practically the same as that which he has indulged in for all of his battles. He rises at six o'clock in the morning, and after exercising with the one-pound dumb-bells for thirty minutes goes out on the road. After covering seven miles, three and a half miles each way, he returns to his gymnasium, where he is given a good hard rub down by his trainer, Jeff Thorne, the English middleweight. When he gets through he eats breakfast. At 10 o'clock he goes out on the road again, this time covering five miles. Upon his return he boxes with Thorne for fully thirty minutes, boxing it ten fast rounds. At 3 o'clock Fitz starts at some more hard work, this time opening up the way for it by taking a long journey on the road for six miles. Then follows his customary work in the gymnasium, which consists of punching the bag, swinging Indian clubs, exercising with dumb-bells and boxing with Thorne. Champion Jem Jeffries, who has been kept out of the ring for some months by a crippled left arm, has had another stroke of bad luck. He mixed it up yesterday at Atlantic City with a bulldog, and the champion's left hand is now under medical treatment. Jeffries was playing in the surf when the dog came along the beach attending strictly to his own business. He showed so much natural-fighting ability in his general conformation that the champion boxer was attracted immediately. His friendly advances were met by a vicious lurch on the part of the dog, and before "Jeff" could uppercut or sidestep the long fangs were fastened in his left hand. The wound is painful, but not dangerous, and Jeffries makes light of the matter. There is no change in the condition of the injured elbow, and it may be weeks or it may be months before the fighter can enter the ring again. W. A. Brady will arrive in New York from Europe to-day, and it is probable that he will issue conditional challenges to all the heavy-weights. Between the running of the Undergraduate and Seagate stakes at the Brighton Beach track on Saturday Richard Croker poured fatherly advice into the ears of Terry McGovern. From an adjoining box Lillian Russell looked on admiringly. The Tammany chief and "Terrible Terry" were introduced the day following McGovern's defeat of Erne. Terry has since been a regular visitor in the Croker box when Mr. Croker visits the race-track. The chat between the big politician and the little boxer was viewed by an interested throng. Terry went down to the bookmaker's ring just before the Seagate stakes to put a 2dol bet on Prince of Melbourne. "What was all the talk about?" asked an acquaintance. "Mr. Croker has been telling me what to do with my money," said Terry. "He says to me, 'Terry, do you bet on the races?' I said, 'Not over 2dol a race.' 'That's right,' he says, 'don't throw it away on horses.' 'How much have you got?' he asked me. I told him I was good for 60,000dols. 'And what are you going to do with it?' he asked. 'I said I was going to keep on fighting until I made it 100,000dols.' 'Now, that's right,' said Mr. Croker. 'When you get that much—and you will get it—because you're all right, you ought to stop and invest your money. You can put it out at 5 per cent., and have a fine income.' He said he was always glad to see a boy like me succeed. Mr. Croker's all right. He's a fine, good hearted gentleman." "Did you talk politics to him?" "No. He told me to keep out of politics and invest my money. He told me he saw 'Pedlar' Palmer and Ben Jordan on the other side, and they were the best boys of their weight they had over there, but they couldn't hold a candle to me." "Did he tell you what 'Pedlar' Palmer said about you?" "No, I guess 'Pedlar' don't remember much about me. He went to sleep before we got well acquainted." Then Terry went off to cash the bet he won on Mr. Croker's tip. Terry McGovern's mother is a sport of the yard-wide type. She's like her son, for she doesn't take a bluff. She drew 100dols out of the bank recently and was told by the clerk that Terry didn't have a ghost of a chance against Erne. The sporting fluid in Mrs. McGovern's veins swelled up. "Cover that, you villain, if you think so! cover that!" Then the clerk became busy. Terry McGovern will not take a rest, as he proposed to do, but will make hay while the sun shines. At the Greenwood A.C. on Saturday night Terry was one of the spectators. As soon as his friends espied him he was called upon for a speech. He said through the announcer: "I stand ready to fight any man in the world at from 118 to 122 pounds. I don't bar anyone. But I want to say this much, and that is that I will not go out of my class again." Tommy Ryan, of Syracuse, and Jack Root, of Chicago, fought a draw at Tattersall's Tuesday. Neither had any marked advantage during the six rounds, although Ryan sent Root to the floor in the first round with a right hook to the jaw. Root evened matters up in the next round with several heavy right swings to Ryan's ear that brought the blood in streams. After that the contest appeared more like a sparring exhibition than a fight, and the 6,000 spectators gave vent to their disapproval in cries of "fake!" and "take them off!"

Johnny Regan, the Brooklyn boy, easily outpointed Clarence Forbes, the Chicago crack, at the Seaside Club, Coney Island, in a twenty rounds go. Forbes was too strong to be put out and made things interesting all the way. Sam Fitzpatrick has received a letter from Billy Delaney. The latter writes that boxing at San Francisco is booming, and that many important bouts will be pulled off there during the coming fall and winter. Delaney is interested in one club, and says that Jeffries will fight on the Pacific Coast. According to a letter received by a prominent local sporting man from Klondike, Frank Slavin, the one-time heavy-weight of Australia, seems to be recovering the form which made him noted years ago. Slavin, who is now in Dawson City, met Bill Perkins, a Western heavy-weight recently, and knocked the latter out in thirteen rounds. At Cleveland, Ohio, another world's record was made on Tuesday at the Glenville track, when the black gelding, Coney, by McKinney, paced the second heat of a race in 2min 02½sec. This is the fastest mile ever paced by a horse in hopples. Frank Bogash has held the record for three years at 2min 04½sec. What made the performance of Coney all the more remarkable was the fact that he jogged under the wire. It was the second heat of the 2min 06sec pace.

There was an interesting scene at Jim Corbett's cafe last night, in which "Kid" McCoy and the former heavy-weight champion figured as the principals.

Interference on the part of John Considine, Corbett's partner, at a critical moment, prevented a rough and tumble fight between these two exponents of the manly art.

In fact, Corbett had swung his right for McCoy's jaw, when Considine pulled Corbett aside, and friends ushered the Hoosier boxer out on the sidewalk out of harm's way.

The set-to was the outcome of ill-feeling that has existed between the men for some time, Corbett accusing McCoy of looking for cheap advertising by announcing that he was matched to meet him.

Corbett, however, denied this repeatedly, but McCoy, when among his friends, insisted that the match was clinched.

McCoy was out for a stroll with a few friends in the evening when he stepped into Corbett's place to have a drink. Corbett was in the rear at the time, and McCoy approached him with his hand extended in greeting.

"You're a fine guy," said the ex-champion, as he glared at McCoy. "Why are you going around bluffing by telling everybody that you are matched with me? You ought to have your head punched off."

"Didn't you promise me a match?" asked the "Kid" nervously.

Without another word Corbett made a lead with his left, which went wide. McCoy was led out before any harm was done, and the crowd was indignant because the impending clash was prevented.

Just at a time when he appeared to have a chance to get a draw with Oscar Gardner, the "Omaha Kid," at the Broadway A.C. last night, Eddie Lenny, of Philadelphia, was seized with a cramp in his right leg and could not continue. This mishap occurred in the twenty-first round, when Gardner's hands had given out, and he had been the recipient of a pretty severe trimming at the hands of the Quaker. Gardner was handicapped as to weight, however; Lenny was at least eight pounds to the good. The "Omaha Kid" did not show his old form, though he forced the fight almost continually. His face was cut up and bruised more than usual, while Lenny had few marks, except a badly swollen eye. A good-sized crowd saw the battle.

Peter Jackson, who is now in Australia, has written a letter to Sam Fitzpatrick, his old trainer, in which he states that he has partly recovered his health and will soon do some boxing. Jackson also says that a few good heavy-weights have developed in the Antipodes, and that they may visit America next winter.

THE TATTLER.

PHOTOS GIVEN AWAY.—I will send one "CHOICE CABINET" as a sample to any bona fide applicant, also FREE List of Rare Books, &c. Genuine Transparent Playing Cards, 52 in pack, 1s. 9d. and 3s. 6d. Be in time. Address, **M. L. REID, West Green Road, London, N.**

JACK GOLDSWAIN,

Of Bermondsey, who Was Defeated by Tom Ireland at Wonderland, August 2, in Two Rounds.

(*With Portrait.*)

Jack Goldswain is twenty-one years of age, stands 5ft 7in, and goes to scale at 9st. He has been boxing about four years, and has met some of the best at his weight. Beat Bill Johnson, 3rds; Alf White, 6rds and 8rds; won 8st competition, beating Patsy Lynch and Harry Lane in final; beat Tom Pike, 4rds, Bob Wright, 6rds, Jack Sexton, 4rds, Harry Edwards, 2rds, at Tom Symonds's; runner-up to Fred Delaney in 8st competition at Tom Symonds's, beating Harry Read and Ted Goodson in the first bouts; beat Fred Delaney, 4rds; Alf Barnard, 3rds; Jack Crutchington, 6rds and 4rds; beaten by Ernie Veitch in final of 8st competition; beat Ernie Veitch, 3rds; Jem Wallace, 5rds; beat Harry Ruddy, 20rds. in Paris; beat George Winters, of Rotherhithe, for £10 a-side, £20 purse, in 11rds; beat Jack Roberts, of Holloway, 3rds; beat Harry Ruddy, 6rds; beat Alf Garratt, 6rds; beat Dick Tiddiman, 10rds; beat Jack Roberts, 7rds; beat Bill Wood, 15rds; met Tom Ireland at Wonderland, August 2, and was defeated in 2rds.

BILL PETERS, WITH HIS DAUGHTER LARA, AND THEIR FAVOURITE DOG "JEP."

Mexican Riders and Brave Scouts Mounted on Their Mustangs.

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

Bill Peters, the celebrated Mexican scout, and his clever and daring daughter, are well known throughout the country, where their fame as riders and shots is a terror to the Indians who have at different times gone upon the warpath. Three times he has been taken prisoner by the redskins, and the last would have paid with his life, but his faithful and dashing daughter brought his horse close to the Indian encampment, and in the darkness crawled to the side of her father and severed his bonds by which he was bound. Once free, he shot seven of his captors, and mounting his horse succeeded in escaping.

MET HER ON THE BEACH AT YARMOUTH.

Her Husband Met Him Later with the "Dukes."

(*Subject of Illustration.*)

On the sands at any fashionable watering-place the masher is there in quest of "Tottie." His rig-out and general get-up savours of the London streets, as with bob-tail-coat, white waistcoat and light trousers he struts up and down, quizzing the girls. At Yarmouth one gentleman of this kind handed his key to a casual acquaintance, but she had a husband, and he demonstrated the use of his "dukes" on the foolish young adventurer.

YOUNG DAVIES, A NEWCASTLE BANTAM OF GREAT PROMISE, HIS BACKER, TOM DOYLE, AND HIS TRAINER, YOUNG SWIFT.

(*With Portrait.*)

Young Davies is a youth soon likely to make a big name in the north. Davies is at present training at the house of his backer, Mr. Tom Doyle, of the Volunteer, North Shields, where Conlon trained for the Pitmen's championship. Young Swift, who is a boxer of no mean pretensions, is looking after Davies, of whom we shall hear something in the near future.

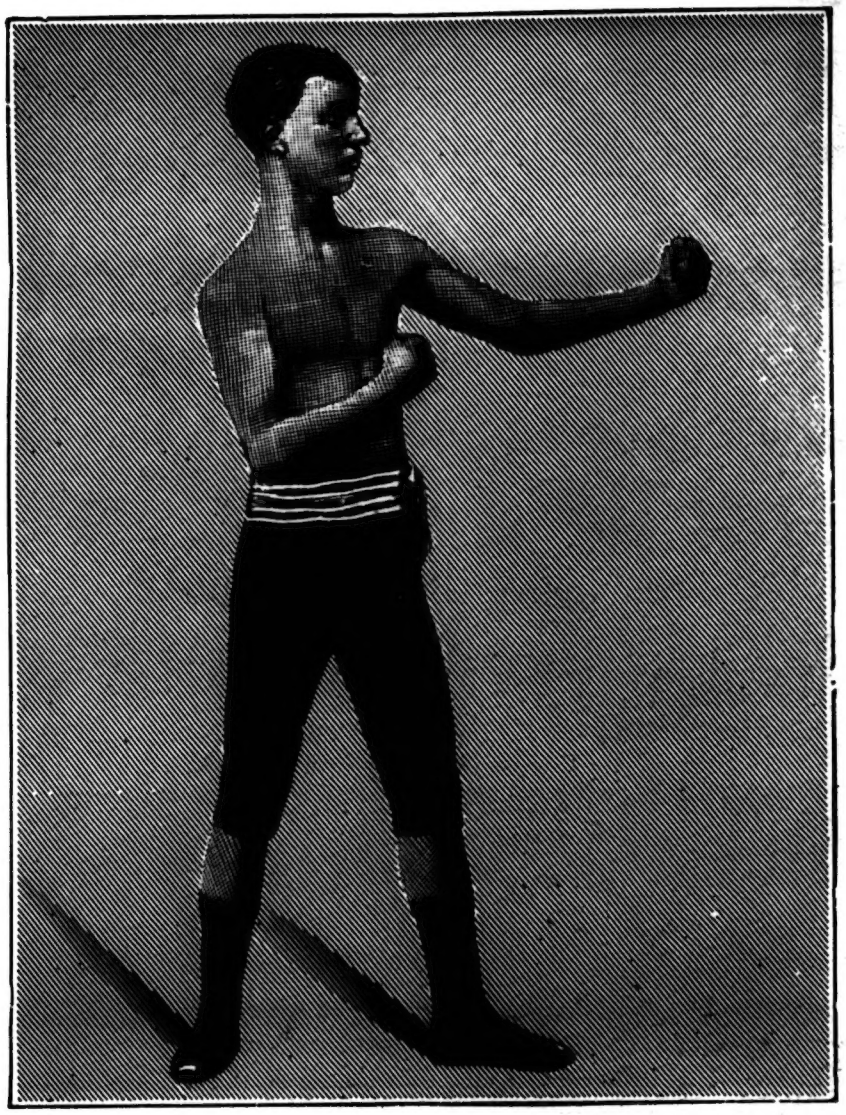
OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for:—

John F. White (three).
George Slark.
R. H. Page.
P. J. King.
Frank Leon.
J. W. Abbott.
Frank Kempton.
Sam Fitzpatrick.
Billy Ross.
"Greek" George.
A. McDonald.
"Dido" Plumb.
Bobby Dobbs.
Harry Kennedy.
J. Corbett.
Ernie Greaves.
Alec Hurley.
P. Gorman.
Jem Holloway.
Billy Plimmer.
Claude Thompson.
Ted Wakeham.
Robert Fitzsimmons.
C. McCoy.
Charles Mitchell.
Driver Pincher.
H. Chance Newton.
George Fox Giles.
Jem Hall.
J. Gans.
Chas. Knock.

LOST AND FOUND.

"I called in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. He thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



"SAILOR" RICHARDSON,

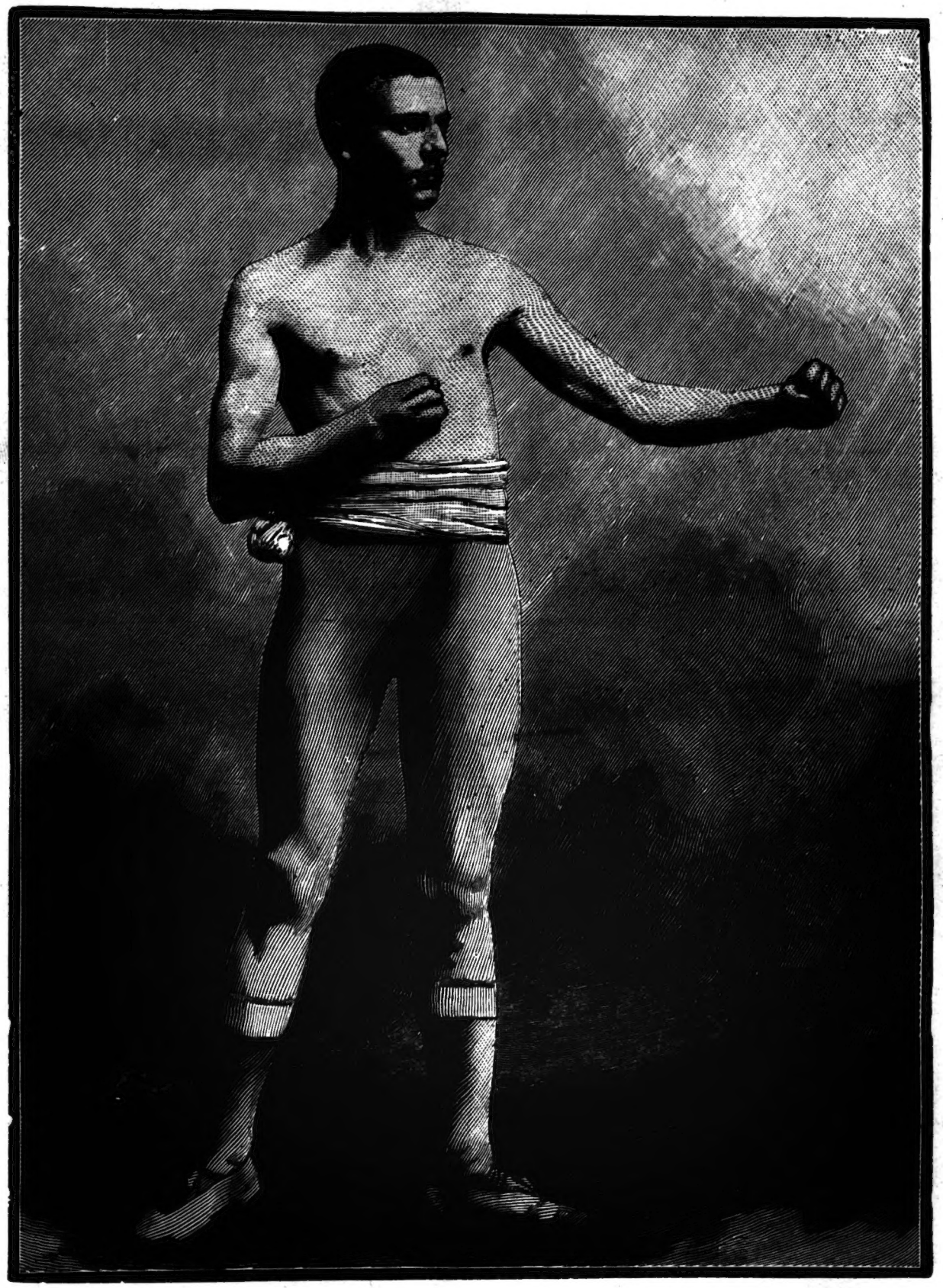
A Clever Bantam-weight, who Goes to America in Search of an Opponent.

GEORGE SLARK,

Who was Recently Defeated in Eight Rounds by George Corfield at the Gymnasium, Leicester.

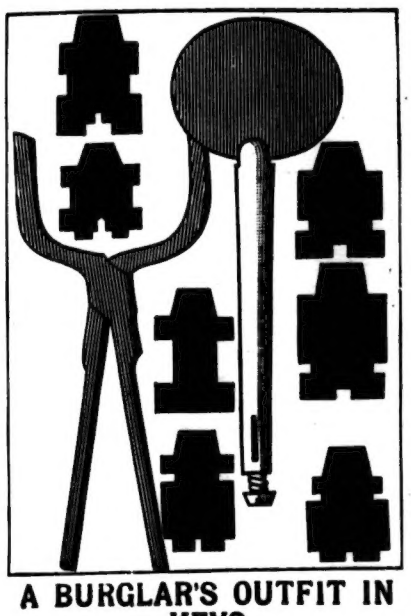
AWOKE IN TIME TO SAVE HER MONEY AND VALUABLES.

The Midnight Intruder Makes Good his Escape.



GEORGE CORFIELD,
Who Defeated George Slark, of London, in Eight Rounds, at the Gymnasium, Leicester.

THE SEAMSTRESS AND THE LADIES.
Workers and Wearers.



A BURGLAR'S OUTFIT IN KEYS
To Open Any Lock with Ease.

THE HOUSE OF "SWEENEY TODD," OF TORONTO.
A House that Bears an Ill Fame.

DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.—The six "jolly young watermen" who had earned the right to compete in the final heat for the coat and badge first given by the well-known comedian, Mr. Thomas Doggett, in 1715, rowed over the original course from London Bridge to Chelsea on Wednesday afternoon, with the result that J. J. Turffery, of Bankside, won easily by five lengths from W. C. Hammerton, of Twickenham. The following are their names and stations: No. 1, H. C. Coppock, Bermondsey; No. 2, P. C. Wheeler, Richmond; No. 3, R. H. Turk, Kingston; No. 4, A. R. Chitty, Richmond; No. 5, W. C. Hammerton, Twickenham; No. 6, J. J. Turffery, Bankside. They all got away beautifully, and were together for the first fifty yards. Then Hammerton drew out, and took a clear lead, but ran into a stiffish piece of water, while Coppock and Turk got into a fairly calm reach on the Middlesex side. The leader, however, held on, and, rowing thirty-four to the minute, had a nice lead approaching Blackfriars Bridge, where Wheeler swamped, and had to be taken aboard the umpire's steamer. At Waterloo Turffery came out from the shore and raised his stroke to 33, Turk responding with 34. Underneath the railway bridge at Charing Cross there was very little between the leaders, but Hammerton still held his position, having meanwhile had all the worst of the tide and wind. Opposite the terrace of the House of Commons, fairly well patronised, by the way, by members and their friends, Hammerton made a great effort to draw well away, but Turk was right after him, while Turffery was rowing easily alongside. Chitty next showed in front of Turffery, and went in pursuit of the leaders. Above Lambeth Bridge Turffery put up a rare spurt, and, coming clear away, won at the finish by over four lengths; three lengths between second and third. Owing to an error regarding the colours worn by the watermen in the Doggett Coat and Badge race Coppock was returned as the winner instead of John Joseph Turffery, Bankside.

AMATEUR PUNTING CHAMPIONship.—The annual punting championship of the Thames was decided on Thursday afternoon at Shepperton, under favourable circumstances, the weather being fine and the attendance well up to the average. Only three competitors entered, but two heats were required. In the first C. R. Mullings won, after a good race, and beat the favourite, N. M. Cohen, in the final. In the doubles, the brothers Baker won their first heat easily, and then accounted for the final, beating W. C. Romaine and C. R. Mullings.

WRESTLING MATCH FOR £10.—A wrestling match for a tenner was decided recently at the Borough Grounds, Oldham, between J. Williamson (alias "Jock Punch") and W. Mody Collinge, both of Oldham, 6 to 4 being laid on the latter. Collinge gained the first fall in five minutes, and the second in three minutes, having an easy victory. G. Buckley was the referee.

DEATH OF A CUMBERLAND Wrestler.—The death has occurred of Mr. George Graham, a native of Carlisle, who was a well-known wrestler. He won many prizes in the rings of Cumberland, and had few superiors in the ten-and-a-half competitions. He went to Newcastle about sixteen years ago, and kept the Clayton Arms Hotel, where he opened a wrestling school. He afterwards went to Wheatley Hill, Durham, where he died at the age of fifty-three years.

LIMELIGHT CINEMATOGRAPH BALL at Bow.—The populace of every district generally have their special hobby as regards different branches of sport, Bow, among numerous other places, that of dancing towards the top of the tree, and how well they love the terpsichorean art may be gathered from the fact that about 600 of both sexes were present last Saturday evening at Queen's Hall, Tredegar Square. The members of the Tredegar Social Club mustered in strong force, and brought many friends from all quarters of the metropolis with them. The deportment of those present left nothing to be desired, as frequent practice and exercise all tend to beauty of grace, suppleness of figure, and a perfect step. Different styles are to be found in every town, city, or borough in the whole of the country, but though different, good dancers, after a few turns, get to know exactly what mode of moving is best for the locality. Yankees, when first visiting the old country, are generally surprised at the way that the middle class enjoy themselves, and only join in such dances as the valse, schottische, polka, barn dance, &c., but after a time the pleasures of square dances draw them forward, and the Alberts, quadrilles, lancers, Caledonians, Prince Imperials, La National, &c., all find favour in their eyes. Summer and winter are all the same to the exponents of the art, and no matter where the dance is held members of both sexes find their way in considerable numbers to the appointed place of meeting. A large platform, capable of accommodating about 350 dancers, was erected in the garden, while besides the many gas jets thousands of fancy coloured lamps were suspended from the branches of the trees. At times the lads and lasses preferred to sit out a dance, and a pleasant sight they made, as they sat and enjoyed themselves in the seats with the moon shining brightly, while the wind murmured gently in its course through the trees. From eight o'clock till the midnight hour the guests continued to arrive, and after that one and then another went till half had gone when carriages were called at 4 a.m. A select supper was provided, and everyone paid full attention to it when placed on the table. The toasts were numerous, and the chief were made by the chairman, Mr. Sloman, Mr. Cohen from the vice, and Mr. Goldberg. Mr. N. Levy, the hon. secretary, in his reply, mentioned the motto of the club, and how much they owed to the ladies (God bless them). Among the splendid evening dresses that adorned the fair, the honours were divided between Miss Goldberg, in a black merve and a bolero with white satin facings and vest looking magnificent, and Miss Ella Webber in white relieved by a touch of light blue, who ran a close race for the honours of the evening. Among the many brilliant exponents of the terpsichorean art Miss Lilian Morris deserves mention, as to the strains of Flaum's celebrated band she danced as beautifully and perfectly as possible. Mr. Richmond acted as M.C., while intermixed with the dancers were nearly a score of vocalists, who gained their due appreciation from the assembly. Among those present the following were always in evidence: Messrs. Moonshine, Green, Levy, Angel, Rosen, Woolf, Morris, Lawrence, Edward, Sloman, Smith, &c., and Miss Lawrence, Harris, Salmon, Sanground, Sampson, and Hart. The affair was carried out in every detail by N. Levy, M. Cohen, and Mr. Sloman, who worked very hard to make every one comfortable.

THE "ROBERTS" SHIELD CONtest.—Despite the fact that the absence of the Catford C.C. kept out such good riders as A. J. Cherry, F. Burnand, and A. S. Chambers, some good racing was witnessed in the Southern Counties Cycling Union's championships and inter-team contest for the "Roberts" Shield at Herne Hill on Saturday. The Anerley B.C. relied solely on C. A. Sedgwick, who did well to compile so low a score as six points for his club. The Silverdale C.C. had a different representative for each race, and so won the trophy with a total of four points. Sedgwick finished first in the mile in 2min 47 1-5sec, F. Bartley (Silverdale) being second, a foot away, and W. C. King (Borough Polytechnic C.C.) third. In the five miles Sedgwick was beaten by both F. G. Crowly (Silverdale), who won in 13min 29 1-5sec, and A. E. Wills (Putney A.C.). The fifty miles fell to G. H. Le Grys (Silverdale) in 1hr 51min 59sec, Sedgwick being a good second, and E. A. Fearman (Daneville C.C.) third. Last year's winners—the Dover Road C.C.—did not close in.

AMERICAN RUNNERS AT MANchester.—With 12,000 spectators, 616 entries, £200 in prizes, and the presence of English, American, and Australian champions, the seventeenth annual sports of those Northern Counties and one-time national cross-country champions, the Salford Harriers, at Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, on Saturday, assumed mammoth proportions. Chief interest centred in the 100 Yards Level Race, the final of which event resulted thus: Maxwell W. Long (New York), 1; W. B. Tewkesbury (Pennsylvania), 2; R. W. Wadsley (Unity A.C.), 3; Stanley Rowley (Australia), 4. Long, who had won his heat in 10 1-5sec., took the final by a foot in 10 2-5sec. Wadsley sacrificed his right to run in the second round of the Open 120 Yards Handicap, in which he had also won his heat, in order to take part in the level race. An interesting contest was seen in the Three-quarters of a Mile Scratch Race, which A. E. Tysoe (Salford H.) won by four yards from J. Bray (America), in 3min 18sec, with J. E. Finnegan (Dublin) third, and J. T. Rimmer (Southport H.) fourth. Bray at one time looked like beating Tysoe, but the latter's grand finish soon put the issue beyond doubt.

CHAMPION SWIMMER.

(Special Report.)

BOSTON, U.S.A., JULY 28.—PERCY F. Cavill, the champion swimmer of England and Australia, who arrived here several days ago and is matched to swim five races on August 25 against James L. McCusker, the American champion, for 2,500 dols. a-side, had a severe experience on the occasion of his first dip in salt water on this side yesterday. This afternoon Cavill went to Revere Beach for a swim, and a large crowd gathered to witness his performance. The temperature of the water north of Cape Cod on the ocean front is rarely warmer than 60deg, and at Revere Beach to-day it was no exception to the general rule. Cavill remarked on the coldness of the water when he took his first plunge, but nevertheless remained in for some time. He was taken with a chill and had to be carried to the emergency room in the State bath-house, where stimulants and hot water bags restored him to his normal condition.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS.—It is common enough knowledge that girls and women fill a number of Civil Service posts at salaries ranging from £35 to £500 a year, and that in various houses of business "lady typists" and shorthand-writers are in considerable demand, £1 to £2—and in some cases even £3—a week being the usual remuneration. For such employment, as well as for Civil Service appointments, special training or "coaching" as it is called, is, however, required. As to cost, money, which everyone cannot afford, many of our readers interested in the question of "what to do with our girls" should welcome the information that a certain number of girls of fourteen to eighteen can obtain by competition free scholarships tenable for a year or more at the Civil Service and University College, 27, Chancery Lane, London, which is conducted by Mr. G. E. Skerry, who was recently termed "a great coach" by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., in consequence of 7,000 of his pupils succeeding in the Civil Service competitions. Brighton, Bristol, Birmingham, Plymouth, Southampton, Cardiff, Leeds, Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Dublin, Dundee, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Belfast, Cork, and Croydon all have a branch of the college referred to. Being thus a wide-spread institution its advantages can be enjoyed without being in London.

A MILKMAN WALKS HIS CHALKS on the High Road.—Early on Friday morning a somewhat singular match of much interest to milk carriers in general, and those of the South-Western district in particular, was decided in the presence of a crowd of spectators connected with the milk trade. The conditions were that Tom Hedges, of Chelsea, backed himself for £10 to carry a hand can containing eight quarts of milk one mile on the high road without stopping. The course selected was from the Hour Glass, in the Fulham Road, to the Redcliffe Hotel. Jack Sadler was the sportsman to lay against Hedges performing the task, whilst the well-known Charley Wilderspin was starter and timekeeper, and Steve Denny judge. Hedges started off at a steady pace, and, although he tired towards the finish, he successfully accomplished the task, covering the journey in 14min 10sec. A good performance, considering the weight of the load.

DRESS A BULLOCK AND A SHEEP, and Run a Mile in 30min.—Mr. Stanley Wrath, foreman butcher to Mr. Elphick, Ipswich, pretty well knew his capability, as the sequel will show, when he undertook for a bet of £25 to dress a bullock and a sheep, and run a mile in 30min. The event, which was decided on Wednesday evening, naturally excited a good deal of interest. Wrath was slightly favourite, but there were many willing to take the odds about "time." However, Wrath set about his business in good style, and had his bullock over and dressed in 13min, the sheep in 6min, and throwing off his apron the athlete, who was in good form, covered the measured mile in 6min, so that he won his bet comfortably by 5 min.

THE FINAL OF THE BAGATELLE Tournament.—The tournament that is running at the Gosset Arms, Bethnal Green, has been fought to a conclusion, and after some very scientific games (as well as flukey ones) has resulted in Mr. Whitmore taking the chief trophy, and thus gaining the championship of the locality at bagatelle. The proprietor of the resort is Mr. Harry Dixon Leigh, the son of the well-respected managing director of the Excelsior Baths, who is one of the real good old-fashioned sporting men who delight in each and every branch of athletics. It does not matter whether it be trotting, running, boxing, skating, rowing, swimming, cricket, football, &c., he is at home, thoroughly understanding every one of them, while he can hold his own with the majority at such indoor pastimes as billiards, bagatelle, card playing, dominoes, draughts, chess, &c. Having brought up the proprietor of the resort in the way he should go, it is only right to say that Harry has more than fulfilled expectations, but at running and skating he excels. Throughout the tournament the manager of the hostelry, Mr. Harry Cleverly, has been in evidence, attending to the comforts of the players and their friends, and if it were possible adding to his popularity. Round 3. Harris beat Hawes.—This was very much one-sided, Harris, who was a firm favourite, giving his rival no chance whatever, and won by half the game. Hayday beat Triniman.—This proved a good heat, but the first named took the lead, and answering his rival's break with another of similar magnitude, eventually ran out a winner by 31. Chaplin beat Fulcher.—They fought out the issue in earnest, each doing his utmost to reach the goal first, but when half way through the game Chaplin ran away with the lead, and finally won somewhat easily by 47 points. Mr. Buchele did not turn up to time, and consequently Whitmore walked over. Doe a bye. Round 4. Doe beat Chaplin.—With only the best players left in, some exciting play resulted, but after running level throughout, Doe won by 13. Whitmore beat Hayday.—This proved very interesting, science being to the fore all the time, and towards the close Whitmore ran away with the lead, and won by 15. Harris a bye. Semi Finals: Whitmore beat Harris.—The last named was expected to win right out, and though being dead out of form, only lost by a slight margin. Doe a bye. Final: Whitmore beat Doe.—This, as was expected, caused considerable excitement, but in the game it was different, as Whitmore from the start asserted his superiority and won by over 90. A deal of chaff and friendly talking resulted after the match, and Mr. Tom Leigh, the father of the proprietor, despite having a bad hand, made a match with Mr. E. Hall, to take place there and then. The toss for break was won by Leigh, and from start to finish he held the lead, every shot gaining considerably applause from the assembled company. The game fluctuated considerably at the start, Mr. Hall going close up to his rival, and then fortune deserted him. After going half way through Mr. Leigh played extra well, and won by no less than 84 points. After this display the most friendly feeling was manifested, and it was not till the midnight hour was striking that all departed, thoroughly satisfied. Mr. Hall, when challenged by Mr. Leigh, bet odds of 4 to 1 on his chance, and as his opponent had injured his arm he stood a good chance of winning, but in spite of his arm, Leigh did the majority of the scoring, and won easily.

THE GOODWOOD CUP.—THE GOODwood Cup of £2,000 attracted eight runners, and of these Mr. Douglas Baird's Mazagan proved successful, with Mr. Larnach's Strong Bow second, and Lord W. Beresford's Jolly Tar third.

PEDESTRIANISM IN FRANCE.—AT 11.0 a.m. to the tick of the clock on Sunday, and in the presence of a limited number of spectators, the competitors in the six hours' go-as-you-please exhibition foot race were despatched on the inside enclosure of the new municipal path, which lies east of Paris. The weather was dull, but the men wore determined looks, meaning to do or die. The ground was in far from a perfect condition, still, the powers that be had done all they could in the time allotted them. The attendance was not very numerous, there being about 800 spectators of the race, of which the following is the result:—Bagre, 72 kilometres 545; Charbonnel, 71 kil. 490; Chauvelot, 69 kil. 600; Orphe, 67 kil. 600; Remy, 66 kil. 400. Hurst retired after going four hours and a half.

DEATH OF AN ALL-ROUND BIRmingham Sportsman.—We regret to have to announce the death of Harry Ellis, of Birmingham, who for about forty years has taken a very active part in connection with pedestrianism and dog racing in Birmingham and the surrounding district. The deceased was sixty-one years of age. At the time of his death he was keeping the Stour Valley Tavern, Nelson-street, Birmingham. He breathed his last Sunday week. Harry Ellis was a Sheffielder by birth, but about forty years ago he left the cutlery town, and has since resided in Birmingham, during which time he kept sporting houses in different parts of the town. At the time he came to Birmingham pedestrianism formed one of the leading

sports in the hardware village, and few resorts were better known than Aston Cross. It was about thirty years ago that Harry Ellis held a prominent position in sporting circles, not as a performer on the cinder path, but as watch holder, and with such accuracy did he time a man that his services were eagerly sought after, not only in Birmingham, but all parts of the Black Country. He was also an excellent judge of a dog, and although he never took any particular interest in the Prize Ring, he was in every sense of the word an all-round sportsman, and was invariably present at all kinds of sporting events. The funeral took place last Thursday at the Uplands, Smethwick.

STEP DANCING.—IN ANSWER TO Peter Reefe's, of Bridgend, challenge to step any dancer in Wales or the West of England, a gentleman is prepared to back George Watkins, of Pontypridd, to step Reefe seven steps to hornpipe tune for £5 a-side, at Pontypridd. Watkins would like to hear from Reefe as soon as convenient as business is only meant.

DEATH OF AN EX-CHAMPION Sprinter.—We regret to announce the death of John Hitchin, of Barrow, Chester, who in the sixties was a well-known champion runner. In 1865 he was a Sheffield handicap winner, and he also won several big handicaps at Newcastle and Manchester. His great race was at Manchester, when he beat Ellis, of Houghborough, in a 100yds sprint, for a stake of £200.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN SHEFfield ped.—During the last quarter of a century or more there are few people who have taken an interest in pedestrianism who have not heard and read of that well-known all-round performer on the cinder-path, J. J. Banks, of Sheffield. Jack, as he was familiarly termed, was one of the old school, who kept to the cinder-path as long as nature would permit, but he ran life's race out a short time since when he died from consumption at the residence in Suffolk Road.

1,000 GUINEAS FOR A RAM.—AT the annual sale of Mr. Dudding's famous stock at Riby Grove, Lincolnshire, last week, the sum of 1,000 guineas was given for a fine ram, the first and champion at this year's Royal Show at York. The purchase was made for exportation.

TOM BURROWS, THE CLUB swinger, now in South Africa, writes from Hammonia, under date June 24. He says:—"Just a line to let you know that since my last note we have taken part in fifteen engagements. At Senekal we lost Major Dalbiac, also four men killed, ten wounded, and ten missing in a brush just outside the town. General Rundle keeps us well employed scouting about the country, a risky business, for these Boers have a most unpleasant way of turning up when least expected. We dismount, get our horses to the best shelter possible, and return the fire. So far I have been very fortunate indeed, for in the course of fifteen engagements I have not been hurt; only had two horses shot under me. If I come through this all right I shall stay a while in Capetown before returning to England, and try and establish a new club-swinging record at the South African National Sporting Club. Jack Valentine, the old Australian boxer, is also arranging a wrestling match for me. Sergeant Morley, gymnastic instructor to the St. Paul's School in London, a man you will well remember, is in our company, fit and well. I shall never forget Derby Day so long as I live. We were under fire eight hours, and yet the fellows were quite lively, and wondering what had won the race."

A FAMILY OF GIANTS.—A FAMILY of eleven brothers, each one a giant in stature, recently left for the Klondike. They were the Beam brothers, born at Cumberland, Maryland, U.S.A., where their parents live. Six of the brothers by their stature created a sensation at the railway station. Each of the six was exactly 6ft 5in tall. The five remaining brothers reached Pittsburg, and all left for the West. Their parents are very small, measuring less than 5ft in height, and very slight in build. Both have but three fingers and a thumb on each hand, the little finger on each being absent. This same peculiarity appeared on the hands of each of the six sons at the station. They said it was a common peculiarity among their ancestors.

"TICH" MORGAN, OF S. AFRICA, to the World.—"Tich" Morgan, of South Africa, has recently arrived in this country and has thrown down the gauntlet to any 10st 7lb boxer, Jack Everhardt or Dick Burge preferred. "Tich" Morgan is prepared to wager £200 on himself and the best purse offered. As "Tich" Morgan means business, first come first served. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will be at once attended to.

VITAL POWER.

If you suffer from Spermatorrhœa, Exhausted Vitality, Loss of Energy, Weakness, Despondency, Premature Decay, Varicocele, Brain Fag, Nervousness, Blotches on the Skin, Dimness of Sight, Melancholy, Loss of Memory, Noises in the Ears, Kidney or Liver Complaints, or any disease of the Bladder or Urinary Organs, do not fail to send a stamped addressed envelope to:—GEORGE WRIGHT, Esq., Colne House, Rembrandt Rd., Lee, London, S.E. (Name this paper.)

GEORGE SLARK,

Who was Recently Defeated in Eight Rounds by George Corfield at the Gymnasium, Leicester.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE SLARK, who hails from Wood Green, was born in 1878, and stands 5ft 2½in in height. Beat Lew Smith, 1½rd; beat Tom Cooper, 5rds; beat George Gladding, three times, 6rds, 6rds, 7rds; beaten by Sid Scales, on points, 6rds; run-up against Jack Walker, 8st competition; beat Fred Williams, 1rd; beat Ted Gorrie, 3rds; beaten by Patsy Welsh, on points; beaten by Jack Walker, at N.S.C., 6rds, on points; beat J. Scott, at the Olympic Club, 2rds; beat Fred Homewood, 7rds; run-ud against Sid Scales in a special competition beat Ted Goodson, 4rds; beaten by Johnny Thomas, on points; fought Johnny Thomas, draw, 11rds; beat Johnny Thomas, 20rds; beat Mike Goulding, 20rds; draw with George Corfield, 20rds; beaten July 24 by George Corfield, 8rds.

JACK WALKER AND HIS TRAINER, BARNEY SHEPHERD.

A Clever Lad Now Matched to Fight Steve Flanagan in America.

(With Portraits.)

THE following is Walker's record:—Beat Edwin Parsons, 7rds; fought a ten rounds draw with Bill Maslin; in a return match Maslin gained the verdict; beat Jones in 1½rd; won a 7st 6lb competition, beating Jack Murzon, of Paddington, in final; beat Wal Reamond, 7rds; beat Tom Meglyn, 8rds; beat Fred Harding, 1½rd; beat Wal Reamond, 10rds; beat Joe Barrett, 5rds; beat "Ginger" Price, 3rds; beaten by Dan Dudley in final of 7st 6lb competition; beat George Gladding, 6rds; beat Johnny Thomas, 3rds. Walker is now matched to fight Steve Flanagan in New York. He was accompanied to America by George (Barney) Shepherd, who will look after Jack's training while in Yankeeland.

THE ATTENDANT CAME IN FOR A THRASHING.

Used Their Parasols as Weapons of Offence

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE open air baths at Boulogne are on Wednesdays given over to the ladies, who take advantage and enjoy a swim or practice without being observed as they would be in public in the bathing machines. It was at these baths that a little incident occurred in which the attendant, Madame Tauzin, came in for a few hard knocks from the fair bathers' parasols. For some reason she wished to clear the ladies from the water, and in her endeavour rudely pushed two or three roughly. This was at once resented, and Madam had herself to leave the water to avoid a good hiding.

TOM IRELAND, OF MILE END,

Who Met Jack Goldswain at Wonderland, August 2.

(With Portrait.)

TOM IRELAND, until his defeat in a competition by Tom Causer, was considered invincible at his weight. He has won several competitions, and beaten such men as Ted Ware, Dave Wallace, Bill Corbett, Jack Fitzgibbons. Beaten by Harry Greenfield, 11rds; beat Harry Spurden, 10rds: beaten by "Darkey" Wallace, 20rds; beaten by Ted Marlow, 20rds; beat Jack Roberts, 4rds; beat Harry Greenfield, 8rds. Met Jack Goldswain at Wonderland August 2, and beat him in 2rds.

THE HOUSE OF "SWEENEY TODD," OF TORONTO.

A House that Bears an Ill Fame.

(Subject of Illustration.)

LIKE its more notorious namesake there is a house in Toronto in which a barber named T. Seething committed a murder, and it is feared that several persons who have been missing have come to an untimely fate in this old structure, situated in the lowest portion of the town. It became the home of thieves, and women would entice their victims there to be robbed; but the murder recently committed will cause the authorities to clear out the whole gang of criminals.

THE SEAMSTRESS AND THE LADIES.

Workers and Wearers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WITH the bright summer weather the ladies arrayed in spotless white dresses look cool and comfortable strolling on the pier or promenade, shaded by their bright-coloured silk sunshades, while their escorts, in straw hats and flannels, act as a foil to their beauty. Their toilettes change with the hours of the day, walking costumes, visiting, and evening wear all keep the poor seamstress's fingers busy from week end to week end.

HAVE YOU SEEN FRED WILLIAMS as "Mrs. Rip Van Winkle"? Pay a visit to Gatti's (road).

MISS VESTA TILLEY TOPS A BIG bill at the Holloway Empire.

"STORY OF A TIK-TACK" AND "LET us Pause Amidst Life's Pleasures," songs which Geo. Bastow has been singing at Sam Collins's, are miles ahead of the usual comic ditty.

MR. TREE WILL REOPEN HER Majesty's Theatre early in September with a revival of "Julius Cæsar."

CHARLES AND FREDERICK WIND up a capital entertainment at the Alhambra. True, their turn comes somewhat late, but the laughable bicycle act furnished by them should not be missed.

UGO BIONDI HAS MIGRATED TO the Canterbury, where he tops a big bill. The programme here is always good, but this week the management have certainly gone one better.

THE LYRIC THEATRE IS CLOSED, and the Florodora Company are enjoying a holiday. Mr. Davis will re-open the Lyric on September 8 with the piece re-dressed.

MR. MARTIN HARVEY WILL shortly commence his season at the Lyceum with a production of "Romeo and Juliet." Mr. Harvey's Romeo should prove a most interesting one, and will no doubt attract large audiences. Can you guess who will be his Juliet?

"A MESSAGE FROM MARS," WHICH is still going splendidly at the Avenue Theatre, will shortly be toured in the larger towns by Messrs. Morell and Mouillot.

THE BILL OF FARE AT SAM Collins's and the London (Shoreditch) offers many a tit-bit in the way of first-class turns. Mark Melford and Co. are appearing in a screamingly funny sketch at both halls, and the variety portion of the bills both include a number of star turns.

MR. FRED HARRIS HAS A PROgramme at the Queen's, Poplar, which for novelty and variety requires a lot of beating—the wordless play entitled "The Sioux," with Charles Lauri in one of his clever animal studies (a monkey), Tom White and his Street Arabs, Gebrne and Carle—a couple of funny comedians, Miss Emma Don as Little Jimmy the Shoeblack, Miss Nellie Denham, George Neno, Austin and Cowan, Australian specialty artistes; Fred Langton, Ignacio, clown and juggler; Miss Beattie Bloom, and Morice and Lester, a couple of grotesques who indulge in some quaint fooling.

AT THE ALHAMBRA THE CAPITAL programme includes Mdlle. Elvira, trapezist; Will Toole, comedian; Miss Audrey Stafford, vocalist; the eccentric Corty Bros., Mdlle. Caita's performing cats and dogs, the Neiss Troupe of Aerial Gymnasts, Saharet, Australian dancer; a new batch of photos from the front by the animatograph, The Allisons, Parterre Acrobats, Houdini, the handcuff king, who has been specially re-engaged so great was his former success; Brothers Schwarz, parodists; Signorita Tortajada, Werner and Reider, Tyroleans; Charles and Frederick, and the military ballet, "Soldiers of the Queen," which seems to gain in popularity nightly.

"THE PRIVATE SECRETARY" HAS bobbed up serenely at the Great Queen Street Theatre with Penley, of course, as the Curate, the quaint gentlemanly little divine with the constant cold and a predilection for buns and acid drops. Boards with the words "house full" inscribed thereon may be seen outside the theatre nightly. People who have already seen the play, and like a hearty laugh, are paying return visits, and those who have not yet seen it are hurrying along. One misses certain faces in the present revival which are indubitably associated with the play, notably, the late W. J. Hill as old Cattermole. The part is now being played by that clever character actor, Julian Cross (whom I saw in the part of the vulgar tailor some years back). Julius Royston makes a handsome Harry Marsland, and the ladies are all delightfully cast. In fact the Rev. Robt. Spalding is well supported.

DAVE.

GEORGE CORFIELD,

Who Defeated George Slark, of London, in Eight Rounds, at the Gymnasium, Leicester.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE CORFIELD is a Sheffielder. His height is 5ft 3in. He made his first public appearance in Frank Howson's competition for all weights on July 8, 1899, but was beaten in the second round by Harry Clarke. Corfield won an 8st 4lb competition at Sheffield; knocked out Bob Fleming, 6rds; fought a draw, 21rds, with "Dot" Fleming; beaten by Frank Kenny on a foul; beat Harry Clarke, 15rds; beat W. Wilson, 14rds; knocked out Joe Morton, 13rds; beat W. Brierley, 20rds; beat "Chappie" Moran, 20rds; beat Alf Gower, 20rds; beat Harry Maurer; beat Nunc Wallace; beaten by Billy Plimmer, 7rds; beaten by Billy Plimmer, 20rds; beat "Paddy" Mahoney, 2rds; beaten by Jabez White, 5rds; beaten by Jem Williams, 12rds; draw with George Slark, 20rds; met George Slark, at the Gymnasium, Leicester, July 24, and defeated him in 8rds.

AWOKE IN TIME TO SAVE HER MONEY AND VALUABLES.

The Midnight Intruder Makes Good His Escape.

(Subject of Illustration.)

To be awakened in the middle of the night, and find an intruder on the premises, is not a cheerful experience, so that Miss Maud Cotton was truly alarmed when, on opening her eyes she was just in time to call for assistance as the figure of a man made his way to her bedside and tried to snatch from under her pillow her rings and watch which she had placed there for safety. The hotel servants were quickly on the scene, but the man escaped through the window and over the balcony, and was soon out of sight.

VIRGIL EARP IS SHOT IN COLD BLOOD FOR REVENGE.

One of the Four Notorious Brothers Meets with his Reward of Evil Doing.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AT Wilcox, Arizona, Virgil Earp, the third of the four Earp Brothers, Warren, Julian, Virgil, and Wyatt, "died with his boots on." He was shot through the heart in a saloon by Cowboy Johnny Boyett. There had been bad blood between Earp and Boyett for years, growing out of a feud between the Earp boys and the cattle rustlers. Wyatt Earp served as umpire in the famous prize-fight in San Francisco between Fitzsimmons and Sharkey, and gave the notorious decision against Fitzsimmons. Wyatt Earp is now running a gambling outfit.

HOTEL THIEF DISCOVERED TO BE A WOMAN.

Her Husband Offers Money to Settle the Matter.

(Subject of Illustration.)

CROOKS, cardsharpers, and thieves have made Paris their happy hunting ground. The Exhibition has attracted the visitors, and these have attracted their undesirable brethren, particularly the hotel thief. Being well dressed and thoroughly conversant with they, they manage, while the victim is absent from his or her room, to pay an unexpected visit. Several robberies having taken place, a watch was kept, and a supposed lady was found to be the culprit, who, when charged with the offence, went on her knees and offered up the stolen property. Her husband also offered two hundred pounds, but this was not accepted, and the woman was given into custody.

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THE RING.

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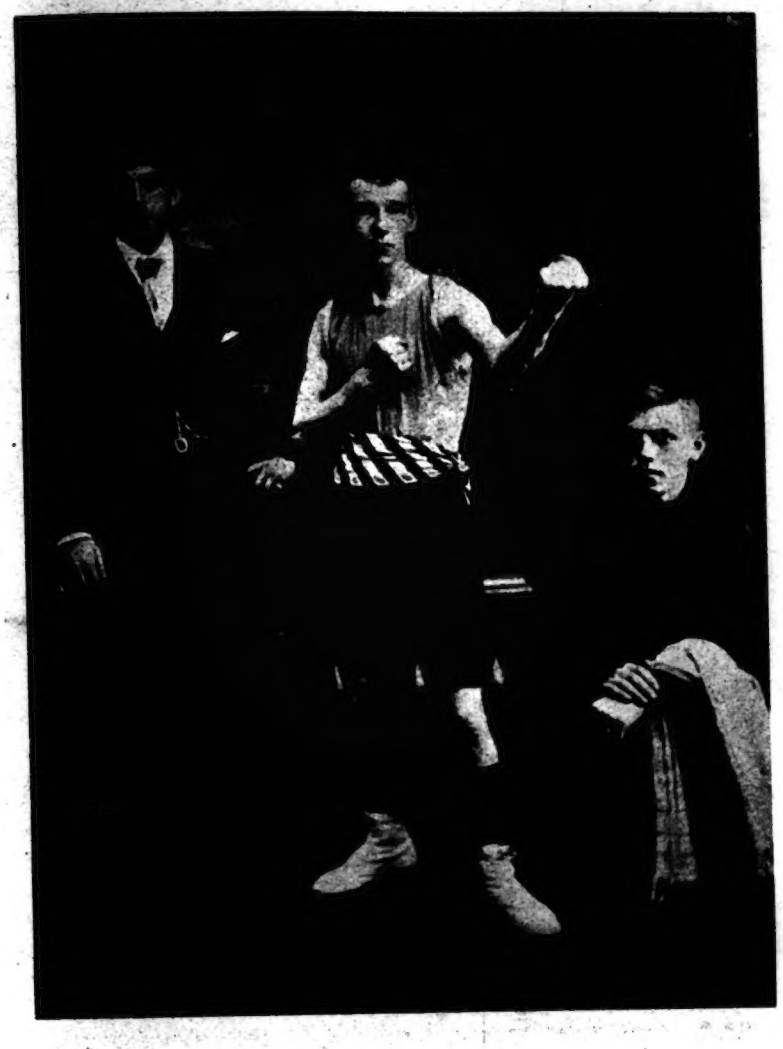
SIDE ENTRANCE.

HEXHAM HOUSE, NEWCASTLE.

Proprietored by Jemmy Lowes, the Chief Boxing Promoter in the North of England.

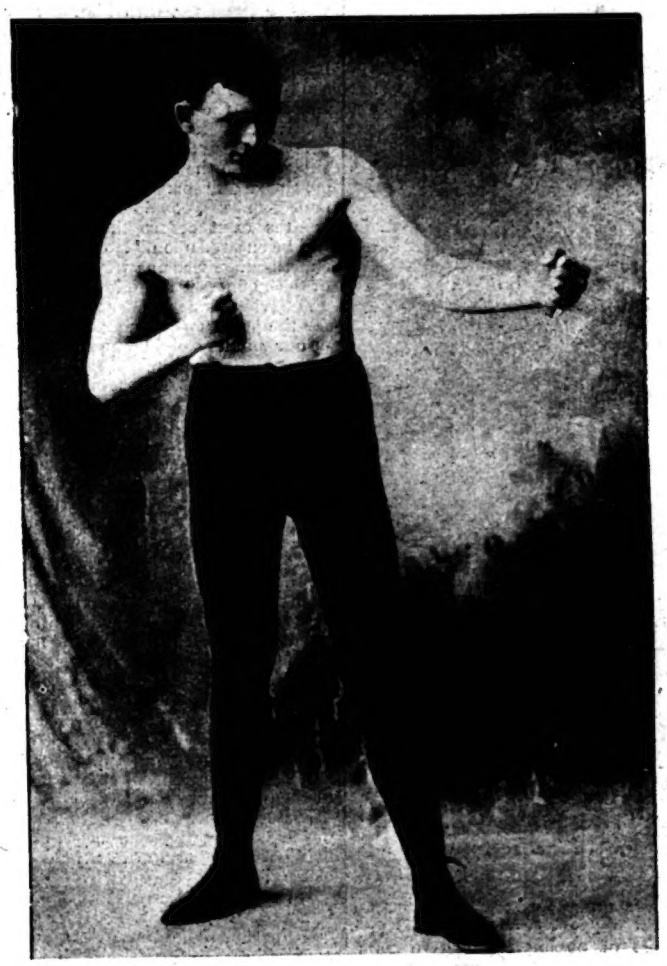
HOTEL THIEF DISCOVERED TO BE A WOMAN.

Her Husband Offers Money to Settle the Matter.



"YOUNG" DAVIES,

A Newcastle Bantam of Great Promise. His Backer, Tom Doyle, and his Trainer, "Young" Swift.



GEORGE GARDINER,

Of Lowell, Mass, U.S A., Open to Meet any Middle-weight in England.

MET HER ON THE BEACH AT YARMOUTH

Her Husband Met Him Later with the "Dukes."

CONTEST FOR THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.

GEORGE GARDINER (IRELAND) AND FRANK CRAIG ("COFFEE COOLER," ENGLAND)

MEET AT "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" TO ARRANGE ABOVE MATCH.

MANY GOOD OLD ENGLISH SPORTS have died out in this country for want of some pushful supporter, and the good old English sport of boxing might have gone with the rest, or sunk into desuetude had it not been for THE MIRROR OF LIFE. While boxing has been used just as a fill up by many sporting papers, and then only when a big match has been on the *tapis*, THE MIRROR OF LIFE has made boxing a paramount feature of the paper, and, not content with this, when boxing languished in this country imported boxers from America in order to give the noble art the necessary fillip. If we were to enumerate the boxing matches made by THE MIRROR OF LIFE we should require more space than that at present at our command, but when we say that nearly all the principal matches for the last half-dozen years that have taken place at the N.S.C. have been made by the American representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, we think we are only stating what is right. Last week a meeting was arranged at THE MIRROR OF LIFE for the 'Coffee Cooler" and our latest candidate for high boxing honours, George Gardiner, to discuss the details of the match—a match which we are sorry to say did not pan out as expected. At noon on Wednesday the "Coffee Cooler," George Gardiner, his manager, Owen Kenney, Jack Everhardt, Joe Smith, several other notable persons, and THE MIRROR of LIFE representative met for busines at the above and business only. Cigars were handed round, and the calumet of peace being smoked, proceedings commenced. The amount of stake money being agreed to, and also the sum usually put up for the appearance of the boxers in the ring. Then came on the discussion for the time of weighing-in.

Gardiner: "As I shall be conceding weight (my best weight being 10st 10lb) I should like to weigh in at the ring side."

Frank Craig: "In all my matches I have always weighed in at two o'clock in the afternoon. I did not challenge you. You challenged me. You must have known my weight. Do you seriously require a match?"

Gardiner (through his manager, Owen Kenney): "To show my willingness for this match, I will waive weighing-in at the ring-side, and will weigh-in at six o'clock. You know very well that when Fitzsimmons and Jack Dempsey fought for the middle-weight championship, they weighed-in at the ring side."

THE MIRROR OF LIFE Representative (interposing): "You know, gentlemen, that the customs of countries differ. Every boxer who has boxed at the N.S.C. has weighed-in at two o'clock and the new rule at this establishment makes it imperative that boxers training for a contest at headquarters should weigh-in at two o'clock on the Saturday prior to the Monday of the contest."

Frank Craig: "I will agree to weigh-in at three o'clock on the day of meeting. Will that content you?"

George Gardiner: "Make it six o'clock and settle the business."

Eventually a mutual agreement was come to that the men should weigh in at four o'clock on the day of battle. When this determination was come to Frank Craig and George Gardiner, with his manager (Owen Kenney), Joe Smith, Jack Everhardt, and several other notables adjourned to the N.S.C., where THE MIRROR OF LIFE representative introduced the party to Mr. Bettinson, the manager of the Club.

Mr. A. F. Bettinson entertained the small party in the "strangers' room," and promptly entered into the subject. "It is," said that gentleman, "somewhat early to discuss match-making, considering that nearly two months exist before the winter campaign will be entered upon." However, as Gardiner explained, he was unaware of the procedure of the business transactions at headquarters, and having made a journey across the ocean for the purpose of doing business with any of our middle-weights, he hoped to fix up an arrangement with all possible haste to enable him to pay some visits to the Continent. If no business presented itself the new-comer would not delay his stay in this country, but return to America in search of fame and the shekels. The manager explained the possible difficulties that may arise if weighing in at the time specified was allowed, and added that for some time past it has been usual for the competitors to weigh in at least forty-eight hours prior to the contest. Gardiner said this would, to him, be very unfair, as he would, by his original statement, be giving away several pounds in weight. Eleven stone at two o'clock on the Saturday previous to the contest was suggested by the white-skinned man, or shall we say 11st 4lb at four o'clock on the day. To the former idea the "Cooler" was quite unable to agree to, but he was willing to fix the weight at 11st 4lb any time up to two o'clock on the afternoon of the day selected for them to do battle. Mr. Bettinson was unable to decide without consulting the committee, the meeting being adjourned until Friday at three o'clock.

On Friday, punctually at 3 p.m., Frank Craig ("Coffee Cooler") and George Gardiner, of America, attended the National Sporting Club to hear the decision of Mr. Bettinson respecting the above match. Mr. Bettinson had consulted the directors, and they were unwilling to give more than a purse of £150. Frank Craig was willing to accept this, but Owen Kenney, the manager of George Gardiner, demurred, giving as his reason that the fixture being so late, the expenses of remaining in this country until the day of battle would be altogether out of proportion to the amount of the purse, and considering the amount insufficient declined the offer of the club. Among those present, besides the "Coffee Cooler" and George Gardiner, were Billy Lee, Yonkers, U.S.A., Owen Kenney (manager George Gardiner), Jack Everhardt (light-weight of America), Mr. Hargreaves (America), Mr. Macevoy, N.S.C., Mr. T. Scott, Mr. Humphreys, and the representative of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Failing a purse at the N.S.C., Gardiner's manager, considering the long wait, would swallow up the winning end should Gardiner be fortunate enough to obtain it in expenses, Craig and Gardiner turned their attention elsewhere, and Joe Smith, of Wonderland fame, coming forward with an offer of Wonderland and 75 per cent. of the gate, a certain £200 to be guaranteed and deposited. This meeting with the approval of Gardiner and Craig, the men immediately got to business, articles were drawn up at THE MIRROR OF LIFE, in which the men agreed to fight at the middle-weight poundage on September 10th, either man failing to scale the weight to forfeit £25, the men to weigh in at four o'clock on the day of the contest at THE MIRROR OF LIFE, the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE to appoint referee and timekeeper. The following are the articles:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

Articles of Agreement entered into this 4th day of August, 1900, between George P. Gardiner, of Ireland, and Frank Craig ("Coffee Cooler"), of England.

The said Frank Craig and George P. Gardiner jointly agree to box at "Wonderland," Whitechapel, on the 10th of September, twenty three-minute rounds, under strict Queensberry rules for £100 a-side and 75 per cent. of the gross receipts. The purse to be divided as follows:—75 per cent. to the winner, 25 per cent. to the loser. To weigh in at 11st 4lb at four o'clock on the day of the contest, at THE MIRROR OF LIFE Office. The man failing to weigh in at four o'clock at the above weight to forfeit £25. The contest to take place on the evening of the said 10th day of September. The show to be under the management of Mr. Joe Smith, who receives the other 25 per cent. Four ounce gloves. THE MIRROR OF LIFE to appoint referee and timekeeper.

(Signed) GEO. P. GARDINER,
FRANK CRAIG,
R. JOSEPH, for Joe Smith.

Witness:
JACK EVERHARDT.

MARTIN v. THOMAS.—ALF HARRY, of Cardiff, writes:—"I have matched Bert Martin (the black) and Billy Thomas, of Bootle, to box the best of twelve rounds for £5 a-side and a £5 purse, to take place on Wednesday, August 8, at my sparring pavilion, Seaforth Sands. Ernie Stanton has been mutually agreed on to act as referee, whilst Charley Blackburn, retired 9st 4lb champion, will hold the watch. Both lads are in strict training, and are to be in the ring at 8.30 p.m. prompt."

JEM LAURENCE WILL FIGHT ANY lad in the north of Scotland at 9st and the feather-weight championship, Jack Dillion, of Dundee, preferred, either in Dundee or Aberdeen.

THE PITMEN'S HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

JAMES CONLON DEFEATS JONATHAN LAMBERT FOR £80, AT HEXHAM HOUSE, NEWCASTLE.

ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON LAST at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, there assembled a dense crowd, principally comprised of miners, to witness the anxiously awaited match between Jonathan Lambert, of Swalwell, and James Conlon, of Whickham, who had signed articles to box the best of twenty rounds for the above-named title and sum. Both men had had a thorough preparation for the affair and were in capital health. When they entered the ring the excitement was such as is only seen when there is a match between workers of the inner earth. They were well matched in build. As soon as they got the order to commence Conlon led off, and kept using his left well, but his blows fell lightly. Lambert rushed in and then the exchanges were of a heavy nature. They sparred a few seconds for a rest, and after Conlon had led off, the exchanges which followed were of the hurricane style, and it was evident that both eagerly awaited the call of time. As in the first round, so in the second, Conlon commenced operations and forced Lambert about the ring, but Jonathan stuck to his guns, and the men getting together some indescribable infighting took place, in which Lambert received a deal of punishment which he stoically stood. Both men were exceedingly weary, so severe had been the pace at which the battle had been fought, and it would not have surprised anyone if either had cried content. Glad, indeed, were both when they were ordered to their chairs. Refreshed, Conlon went at once for his man, and scored several times before a retaliation was made. Once Lambert started, the business became of the liveliest description. Conlon forced his man on to the ropes, where they clinched, and had to be separated. They sparred for awhile, and again Conlon became the aggressor, and administered much punishment, which a less gamer man than Lambert would not have taken. Both were very weak, and it was surprising how well they came to time for the fourth round. In this they commenced together, after which Conlon forced the work, and his efforts caused him to become so weak that he looked like turning it up. Seeing this Lambert went to work, but he had no strength in his blows, and the play to the end of the round was of a mixed-up character. In the fifth round Conlon led off feebly, and some time elapsed before there was an exchange. Lambert made an endeavour, but Conlon, who was the better boxer of the pair and knew the game, kept giving punishment, which Lambert stood in the gamest of fashions. The sixth round was of similar description. Conlon had Lambert through the ropes, but he was not loth to arise, and was being severely punished when time was called. Thus the fight went on until the ninth round, when so completely had Conlon his opponent at his mercy that the referee properly stopped the contest and gave him the verdict. Conlon was seconded by Victor Layton, Jack Doyle, and Esau Lee, and the loser by Jack Thompson, Jack Tait, and "Kid" Veitch. The referee, Mr. Charles Godtschalk, of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and the timekeeper Martin Nealis.

There was a fair attendance on Saturday evening when the usual weekly entertainment took place. Scarcely had the crowd which had attended the Pitmen's championship dispersed than the gates were opened for this entertainment. The opening show was a three rounds spar between "Darkey" Carpenter and A. Stanley, of New Zealand, whom Mr. Lowes introduced by "Here we are again" as the clown says in the harlequinade. The pair of boxers named made a great show, as did Dick Johnson and J. Quinn, who throughout each tried to gain the flat. H. Aleck, of Santa Cruz, and J. Sharp, of Newcastle, had three very hard and interesting rounds, after which they were matched to box the best of eight rounds a week come Saturday. Then J. Lloyd, of South Shields, and Tom Spring, of Newcastle, met to box the best of eight rounds. It was a peculiar contest. Directly the lads were given the order to commence, Lloyd led off with his left, but was well countered by Spring, and then both lads went to work in hurricane fashion. Suddenly Spring shot round his right hand, and it landed on the point, sending Lloyd to the ground. He lay for eight seconds, when he arose, and Spring then tried to finish the contest, but he lost his head and gave Lloyd an opening which he took advantage of, and swung his right, sending down Spring who lay for nine seconds. He arose, but only to be sent down again, time on this occasion coming to his rescue. The minute's rest did the lads a deal of good. Lloyd started well, using both hands well, and soon had his opponent so completely beaten that the referee stopped the contest, giving the verdict to Lloyd. The winner was seconded by his brother and Spider Carr, and Spring by J. Sharp and B. Elliott. Jack Palmer was referee and Martin Nealis timekeeper. For Saturday next Darkey Carpenter and George Atkinson are matched.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT WONDERland.—Sharp Boxing and Hard Hitting.—Entertainments at this time of the year are generally a failure, but Saturday proved the exception to the rule. Joe Smith by staging a good boxing tournament on the Thursday made the public wish for more, and there was a good company present when proceedings commenced. During the evening Ben Harris stated that George Gardiner and Frank Craig (middle-weight champion of Great Britain) had been matched at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office to contest the best of twenty rounds, of 3min duration, at 11st 4lb, for £100 a-side, a £200 purse and 75 per cent. of the receipts. The cheers that greeted the announcement almost deafened one, and many remarked if they could get in for a dollar, they would not miss it. Bill Fielder was introduced, and this lad (who has a complimentary in a few weeks here) is a good one, and we wish him every success. THE MIRROR OF LIFE acted as referee and timekeeper. Brief Details: Eight Round Contest: Bill Dickinson b. at Tom Evans.—Dickinson started well, and was a lot in front when Evans, after going down several times, retired in the third round. Six Rounds Contest: Bert Adams beat Bob Sadler.—Adams is continually victorious here, and this was almost the best bout he has had. Although a novice, Sadler is a game one, but in the fifth round he hurt his hand, and the referee stopped the bout. Six Rounds Contest: Nat Keyser beat Alf. Leeper.—A caution had to be administered in the opening round, but afterwards a fine battle ensued, Keyser doing all the work, Leeper being very slow. Having the best at the close, the award went to Keyser. Six Rounds Contest: Joe Barrett beat Jem Sweeney.—Barrett was of a different make to his opponent, who made up for his lack of science by hard hitting, but Barrett's side-stepping and feinting were a welcome contrast to the fierce fighting of the previous bouts. Frequently scoring one for nothing, Barrett got in front, and won. Four Rounds Trial: Mike Casey and Harry Philpot.—This was a battle between two who loved each other, and proved the best of the night. It was very hard, and Philpot was sent out in the second round. Six Rounds Contest: Lance-Corporal Willis ("Fighting Fifth") beat Albert White. — The "Fighting Fifth" easily stormed the heights, and despite the disadvantage of weight, went well till a blow caused enough wind to stupify White, and he went out without being hit.

EASTLEIGH v. BRIXTON. — DANgerfield (Eastleigh) v. Sanders (Brixton). Second Round for the Eastleigh Shield.—This contest took place on Wednesday last at the Eastleigh Club before a splendid attendance, and, as in the first round, the spectators were mostly in favour of the Brixton candidate. However, the match had not been in progress long before some began to alter their favouritism. In the first round Dangerfield made some splendid attempts at dealing the winning blow but without success. The second round was very poor, no man doing anything worth commenting upon. In the third round, however, Sanders had the best of matters, but very seldom broke through Dangerfield's defence, which seemed more than he could accomplish. Then opened the fourth round, which was smartly contested by both contestants, who both went to the ground on two occasions. In the fifth round matters were going strongly in Dangerfield's favour when Sanders acted rashly in hitting him in the abdomen and flooring him. This caused some excitement, and Sanders had to be cautioned. After a short delay the sixth round was opened, in which Dangerfield made a way for the knock-out blow, which all thought would be minutely delivered, but his efforts proved futile, and in the seventh round Sanders, after a tricky display, put Dangerfield out amid excitement. Had Dangerfield not have been fouled as he was midway through the match I am certain he would have emerged with success. Dangerfield, however, will have another cut at defeating his opponent by representing Eastleigh in the next round, if Brixton will have Sanders as their representative. How long will Brixton hold the Eastleigh trophy if they obtain it by winning the next round? This is the question being asked by the Eastleigh member who fought the first round. Not long, I'm afraid.

WALTER DOWDALL WRITES: If G. Harper, of Salford, will kindly read Dowdall's challenge again, he will see that it is not for boxing, but for ball-punching. He (Dowdall) would be pleased to meet him in a ball-punching contest for any sum he likes to name.

ALBERT SMYTHE BEING WILLING to box any lad (a novice) under sixteen years of age, I, George Fawcett, of Leeds, am willing to box him any number of rounds if the Leeds and County Athletic Club will give a purse. An answer will oblige. Business only meant.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND.

IRELAND V. GOLDSWAIN FOR £300 AND THE 9st 6lb CHAMPIONSHIP.

JACK GOLDSWAIN QUITS IN TWO ROUNDS.

BOXING IS NOW SLEEPING, AWAITing the coming of next month, when its exponents, reinvigorated by their retirement, boxing will be more the rage than formerly. It is well known that the summer season is a dead letter as far as scrapping is concerned, as it is only during the cold weather that the sportsmen of the metropolis can really enjoy contests of skill and endurance in enclosed areas. What is worth seeing better than a contest between clever lads, trained to the hour, and without a sign of physical incapability of standing any exertion that may be put upon them? All through the summer Joe Smith has continued to carry out boxing entertainments at this popular resort in Whitechapel, and despite being at times considerably out of pocket, has come on again the next Saturday as if nothing had happened. Of course, in the winter, Smith expects to recover his losses during the summer, but that is only just, as the difference between the season and out of season is remarkable for the amount of patronage accorded to the noble art. The weekly entertainments, though providing good sport, are not to be considered in the same light as special, which generally consists of a bout of fifteen or twenty rounds between champions, as well as several minor bouts. Smith will run shows whenever champions are matched (English, American, Australian, South African, Canadian boxers always get a big gate) for a side stake, and considering the attendance (nearly 2,000) present last Thursday, it would certainly cause a record house if Jack Everhardt was matched with Dick Burge, "Dido" Plumb, or the best at his weight, the battle to take place at Wonderland. One who is certainly at the top of the tree (viz., Jewey Cooke) is well known in the neighbourhood, and when he contests a fight is sure of a large following. Though not the class of Everhardt, he is a good second-class man; and a match with him would certainly try Jack, besides which, a house larger than Thursday would be almost a certainty. Strangers whose records are as long as Ben Harris's tongue, are always certain of a good reception, and when battling for supremacy with one whose form is first-class, the motto of Englishmen is the same as ever, fair play and justice. Despite the increase in prices, an extra large company assembled, the partisans of both being especially numerous, and before a start was made old habitués of the Prize Ring were recounting how battles were fought and won in the good old days on the green sward, when even championship stakes were not prohibitive, and contests for endurance lasted for hours, darkness many times causing a postponement till the ensuing day. Times have altered greatly since then, and science predominates greatly above brute strength, and thus it is a matter of common occurrence for the weaker to reach the point, and with an ordinary hit produce insensibility and gain the verdict. Details:—The officials were: Referee, THE MIRROR OF LIFE; Timekeeper, Bob Knott. Fifteen Rounds Contest: Jack Fitzpatrick (Canning Town) beat Jack Calder (Stratford).—The first named is a glutton for work, and though Calder has two useful hands he was forced round the ring each round. In the fourth round the Canning Town representative slowed down, but renewing the pace after the interval Calder, who was overmatched, fought out the round and retired. Ten Rounds Contest: Alf Leeper (Stratford) beat Alf Littlefield (Deptford).—Littlefield was the better built of the pair, having a frame that seemed selected for boxing, and he set a rare pace. Leeper is nothing if not game, and though the exertion told upon him, he did his best. Littlefield sent his opponent to the boards, but Leeper arose and fought out the issue. The fourth round saw the pace telling its tale on the South Londoner, and this time it was Leeper who kept going, his straight left being always in his opponent's face. He wiped off all arrears, and and took a good lead, when in the eighth round Littlefield's hand went, and the bout was stopped. It was only Leeper's gameness and determination that gained him a victory, and demonstrated the fact that Englishmen never know when they are beaten. Eight Rounds Contest: Harry Fowler (Bethnal Green) beat Mike Casey (St. Luke's).—Fowler had the advantage in height and reach, and making the most of them took the lead, eventually ending hostilities in the third round with a right hand half-hook. Jack Everhardt was introduced, and it was stated he wanted to fight Dick Burge or anyone his weight in England. Jack is a very lively personage and made a favourable impression, a few good sports by the press table remarking he has the look of a fighter, and the cheers that echoed through the building surprised Jack, but fair play to all is the watchword of the East. George Gardiner was introduced, and when it was stated he was as good as matched with the "Coffee Cooler" his reception equalled Everhardt's. Ben Jordan was introduced, and those present did not forget to cheer the produce of the tight little island. Eight Rounds Contest: Bert Adams (Spitalfields) beat Jack Mason (Canning Town).—Mr. Arrangement was in evidence, and a caution was administered in the opening round. Adams holds an unbeaten record, but why does he arrange matters? Boxers should not be afraid of hard blows, and other engagements do not follow on crooks. Mason, when told by the referee no fooling was wanted, asked the official to fight him, and when others told him did the same. This is not to the benefit of the sport, nor does it add anything in Mason's favour, but they lasted the whole of the way, and Adams won easily. Ten Rounds Contest: Tom King (Aldgate) beat Nat Keyser (Spitalfields).—These lads have fought before, with many different results, and when the last time the verdict was a draw, one received the verdict in anything but a good spirit, but this time the other, though the bout was tight, simply said to the referee, "I am satisfied, you know best." This showed the disposition of Keyser, who, had he fought during any of the rounds like he did in the last three, must have been returned the winner, but it was too late, and, though pulling up a great deal, left King the winner by a very slight margin. Special Fifteen Rounds Contest, for £300 and the 9st 6lb Championship: Tom Ireland, of Mile End, beat Jack Goldswain, of Bermondsey.—Both have been away training, the former at Gravesend, the latter at Putney, and their weights were given as—Ireland, 9st 5¾lb, Goldswain, 9st 6lb. Ireland is too well known to state his career, but it will suffice to say he has beaten many champions among hundreds of others, and nearly always had to give a lot of weight away. Goldswain is a pupil of Ben Jordan, and has beaten Jack Roberts, C. Ingram, Bill Wood, Dick Tiddiman, Jack Dixon, Alf Garrett, Ernie Veitch, H. Ruddy, George Winters, F. Delaney, &c. Ireland is a lot older than Goldswain, being about a dozen years his senior. Ireland was looked after by Bill Baxter, Ted Ware, and Bill Chester, while in his opponent's corner were Ben Jordan, Jem Thomson, Patsy Haley, and Charley Exall. They fiddled for an opening, and after exchanging a few blows Ireland slipped down. Up again in an instant, he soon equalised matters by sending Goldswain to the boards just before the call of time. At the next time of asking Ireland set to work in earnest, and at the end of the round Goldswain clinched and both fell, time being called as they went down. After the interval Goldswain said he had injured his hand and retired. The company present did not expect to see such a result, and the remarks about Goldswain were the reverse of complimentary. The staff and all concerned did their utmost, and the best of order was maintained throughout. This was the downfall of great expectations. A big gate and a big money prize, with a chucking up the sponge on the part of Goldswain, when a game lad would have shown his metal. We should certainly advise Goldswain to take on some more suitable line of sport, for in his last two essays Goldswain's efforts have been of the most feeble description. Tom Ireland from the very commencement of the contest looked all over a winner, and Goldswain, knowing this, took the earliest occasion to quit, owing to a bruise on the wrist, which has now developed into the breaking of a small bone.

EVERY TUESDAY EVENING A BOXing display takes place at the club's headquarters, the Queen Victoria, Barnett Grove, Bethnal Green Road. Everybody is welcome to witness the trials, and a couple of contests will take place every week. The prices are well within the reach of all, being nothing, and anybody can witness the noble art free—gratis. This should cause a full house, and boxers that want a trial can afterwards have the assistance of professional training and keep fit.

LANDER BEVAN, SEEING THAT Bert Martin, the black, of Liverpool (late of South America) has challenged anyone at 9st, Lander Bevan, of Liverpool, will be only too pleased to meet him. Name the place to meet him, man and money down. Will box him for £10 or £20 a-side. If not will box Harry Brown, the black, of Liverpool (late of America) at 9st 4lb, or will box any man in Lancashire or Yorkshire at 9st, black or white.

BOXING AT LEICESTER.—THERE was a large company present at the Leicester Gymnasium last week to witness a ten two-minute rounds contest between Slark, of London, and Corfield, of Sheffield, for £100. Both lads were in excellent condition, and the issue was exceedingly well contested right up to the finish. The Londoner had somewhat the best of the early stages, but Corfield, by making good use of his left, took the lead in the eighth round and won well in the final bout. George Ware, of London, was referee.

BOXING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SOME TIME SINCE A SPORTING club was formed in South Africa, called the Capetown Athletic and Gymnastic Club—rather a long title. So rapidly did the membership increase that the old title and the old venue were abandoned; and with larger premises came a more ambitious nomenclature, nothing less than the South African National Sporting Club. The vitality of the National Sporting Club of South Africa and its hold on the sport-loving public of the Peninsula was in great evidence recently. The boxing tournament organised by the club at the Good Hope Hall attracted a very big audience, a flattering testimony to the club's enterprise. Mr. H. Magor officiated as M.C, Mr. M. Goodall as referee, and Mr. Corbet-Browne as timekeeper, and each performed his office most satisfactorily. Before the twenty rounds contest began Mr. Magor made two announcements:—(1) That Trooper Chambers, Imperial Yeomanry, had accepted Walker's challenge to South Africa at 9st 4lb, (2) That Bill Ham, ex-champion middle-weight of the Army, challenged Kennedy for the middle-weight championship of South Africa, the challenge being promptly accepted by Kennedy. An interesting boxing future lies in immediate prospect. The whole of the proceedings were conducted without a hitch, and the club is to be congratulated on the success of their tournament. Walker v. Ainsworth.—The programme opened with a four rounds bout between this pair of ill-matched men, Ainsworth overtopping his opponent both in height and weight. The big man was a bit crude in his knowledge of boxing, and the "weight" man easily led throughout a bout of little attractiveness, except that it was never slow boxing. The "strong man's" muscular development attracted some attention, and the man who accepts his 9st 4lb gauge will have his hands full. Applause was not stinting when the pair shook hands. Austin v. Douglas.—Ten Rounds Contest: Jack Valentine's favourite bantam, Austin, got a nice reception as he skipped into the ring to refight his battle with Young Douglas. The first round was full of promise, both standing well up to their work, Douglas contenting himself with some lightning returns to his sturdy opponent's leading. Honours easy. In the second round Austin got some feeling left jabs in, but his nimble opponent replied with pretty dash, and the round ended amid loud applause, in recognition of the very spirited display given. In the third round Austin got in some shaking rights on his opponent's headgear, escaping some wicked returns by nimble footwork. Austin continued to do the hustling, a nasty right finding the point with a lot of push behind it. Douglas faced the music most pluckily, but could not get some well-meant ones home. Vigorous applause greeted the pair as they went to their corners. In the fifth round Douglas drew "first blood" after a vigorous bit of sparring. In the sixth and seventh rounds Austin continued to force the fighting, following his opponent all over the ring, but the latter was by no means backward in getting some of his own back, but Austin was leading on points. Douglas made little attempt to guard, a thing his opponent rarely failed in. Austin's straight lefts and hooks get home time after time, but Douglas never shirked an inch, and applause was loud and frequent each time the gong sounded. The last round was a ding dong affair, both still fresh and gamey, but Douglas was on the ropes twice, and showed signs of tiring, while Austin's left was still dead on the spot. Rounds of applause greeted the end of the contest, renewed almost vigorously when Mr. Magor announced the referee's decision in favour of Austin. Hendrick v. Simmonds.—A four two-minute rounds bout between two men of the Middlesex Regiment was a display of the gentle art of "tapping" in quick time. The mannerisms of both drew many a laugh, which turned to applause when the gong sounded for the last time on an excellent display of its kind. Kennedy v. Kennedy.—A four rounds bout of the steady, yet clever, sort was attractive on account of the decidedly boxey posing of the contestants. If they played lightly they played cleverly, and without calling for detailed notice, the bout was well worthy the recognition it received from the spectators. Cutler v. Brown: Twenty rounds contest.—This, the event of the evening, was introduced by Mr. Magor announcing the weights of the contestants as follows: Cutler, 10st 2lb; Brown, 10st. Both men looked fit for the fray, and received encouraging cheers as they met for the "shake" in the centre. Round 1. Cutler was promptly the pivot of the contest, Brown breaking ground from the opening. Some vigorous slogging, in which both took a part, distinguished the opening of the contest. Round 2. Opened quietly, until Cutler jabbed Brown heavily on the point, and a moment later sent him on to his knees with a left hook. The round ended in a fierce bit of slogging. Brown again dropping to his knees. It was a punishing round. Round 3. Brown was the first to lead, but it was a faint lead, and he got a stinging left on the face in reply. Cutler began to fairly stagger his opponent, who reeled away from the straight-arm lunges which always found a mark. Brown was decidedly groggy. Round 4 and last. Cutler had evidently got Brown's measure, and the latter, evidently weakening rapidly, was an easy target for Cutler's vigorous hitting. Brown tried to finish the round, but a stunning left on the jaw sent him staggering across the stage in a dazed condition. The referee promptly stopped the contest, and amid resounding cheers and whistling awarded the contest to Cutler, who thus won easily inside four rounds.

PRIVATE SHOW AT ROTHBURY.— The residents of the outlying districts of Northumberland have not often the privilege of seeing boxing by experts at the game, but on Friday evening last, at the Yeomanry Camp, at Rothbury, there was given a display which was one of the best, our correspondent says, he has ever seen. It was an entertainment provided for the corps by the officers of the regiment, and the arrangements for the provision of the programme were entrusted to that genius of boxing promoters, Mr. James Lowes, of Hexham House, Newcastle. And it was truly a delightful outing, for there are few prettier places than that in which Lord Armstrong has made his home. The camp, we may state, is in a hollow in the hills, about a mile and a half from the salubrious town, and here it was the boys had to perform in a spacious marquee. There are none more qualified to put lads together than Mr. Lowes, and on this occasion he fairly excelled his previous efforts. The party—about fourteen all told—journeyed from Newcastle on Friday morning, and on arriving at Rothbury they had some natatorial exercise previous to being regaled in the best of styles to dinner, which, after their bathe, they enjoyed in that style which an appetite begot of the magnificent air can only give. The entertainment commenced about eight o'clock in the evening, the opening business being a most enjoyable duet by Messrs. Calder and Danby on the banjo and concertina respectively. These gentlemen are exceedingly clever on their instruments, and fairly brought down the marquee—not house—as we may say. Boxing then came upon the scene, the initial pair to take the ring being Tom O'Niell, of Gateshead, and H. Aleck, of Santa Cruz, and they met to box four rounds. Although O'Niell was giving a lot of weight away to his coloured opponent, he started well, and was all over Aleck. Of course, Aleck's superior weight told its tale, but the lads boxed at a rattling good pace, and caused much excitement. The result of this—a good fight—was a draw. The next couple to take the arena were Tim Kelly and Darkey Carpenter for an eight rounds contest. Both lads were keen, but Kelly was the chief aggressor in every round, although towards the finish Darkey began to rub off the points against him, but he had no chance except with a knock-out blow, which no one so far has been able to get on to the old war-horse, Kelly winning well on points. After another most pleasing Scotch selection by Messrs. Calder and Danby, "Spike" Johnson and Tom Spring entered the arena for an eight rounds contest. They were exceedingly well matched, both in height and weight, and evenly matched so far as science was concerned. Also they were both in good condition. From the commencement to the finish Johnson was always a shade in front on points, and received the verdict. The tit-bit of the evening was an eight rounds contest between Tom Dixon and George Bell, neither of whom, we may state, was in the best of condition. However, they started as if they were going for championship honours, and at the end of the first round both were blowing heavily. The further rounds were of the best description until the end of the fifth. Then Mr. Lowes asked the audience if they would be satisfied with the lads boxing only the sixth round, and this the onlookers with hearty cheers agreed to. At this time both were showing signs of punishment, and at the end of the sixth round the referee could do nought but give his decision as a draw. After another selection by the musicians afore-mentioned, Will Curley and Bob O'Niell boxed three scientific rounds, and the marvellously clever head-work of the 8st 10lb champion fairly astonished the spectators. The carnival was a great success—and both officers and men—amongst whom there were many capable critics—said they had never seen a better show of the kind, and this redounds greatly to the credit of Mr. Lowes, who had complete control of the business. Will Curley was referee for the contests, and the seconds, "Spider" Carr and Bob O'Niell. One and all the lads thoroughly enjoyed themselves, and speak in the highest of terms of the treatment meted out to them.

AN UNKNOWN, OF ABERAMAN, IS open to box Dick Davies, of Aberdare, for £10 up to £20 a-side or to a finish. I am willing to fight him a ten or up to twenty rounds or to a finish if any kind gentleman will give a purse.

(*Continued on page* 14.)

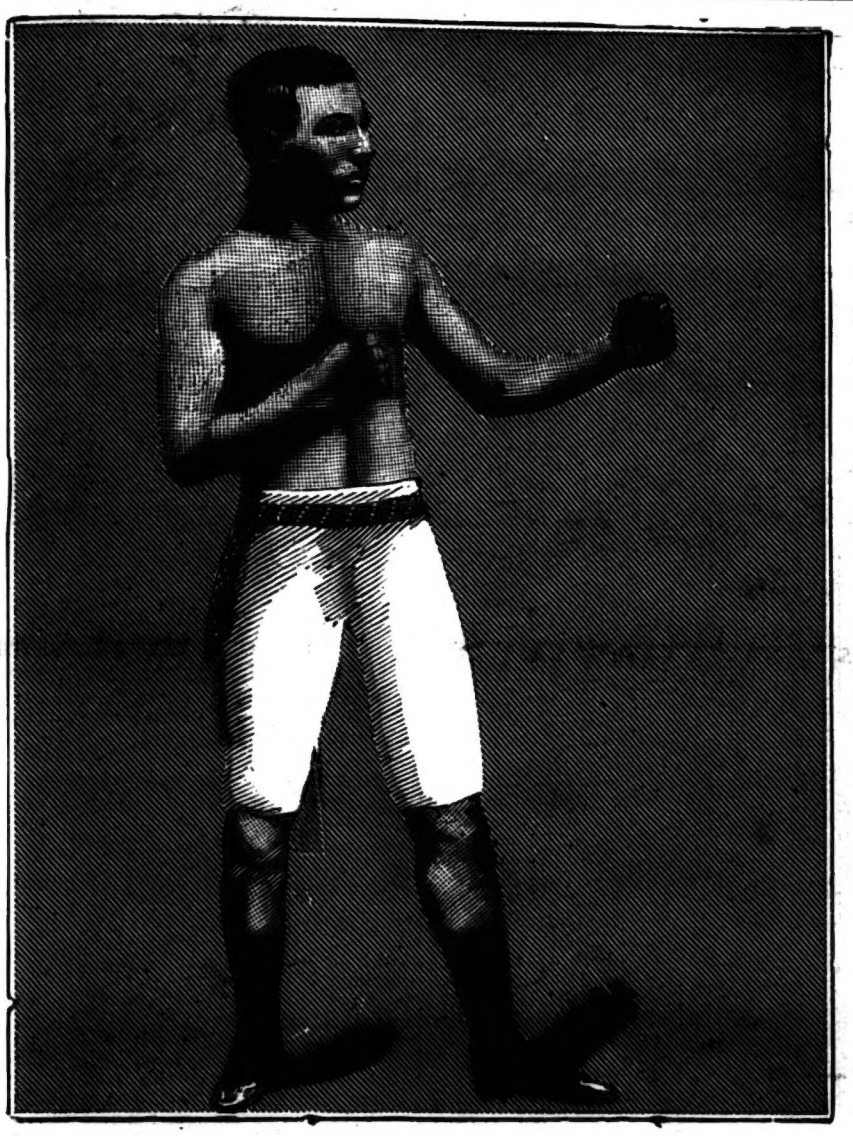
BILL PETERS WITH HIS DAUGHTER LARA AND THEIR FAVOURITE DOG "JEP."
Mexican Riders and Brave Scouts Mounted on their Mustangs.

STEVE FLANAGAN,
Of Philadelphia, U.S.A., A Likely Opponent for Jack Walker, of London.

JACK WALKER AND HIS TRAINER, BARNEY SHEPHERD.
A Clever Lad who is Willing to Meet Steve Flanagan in America.

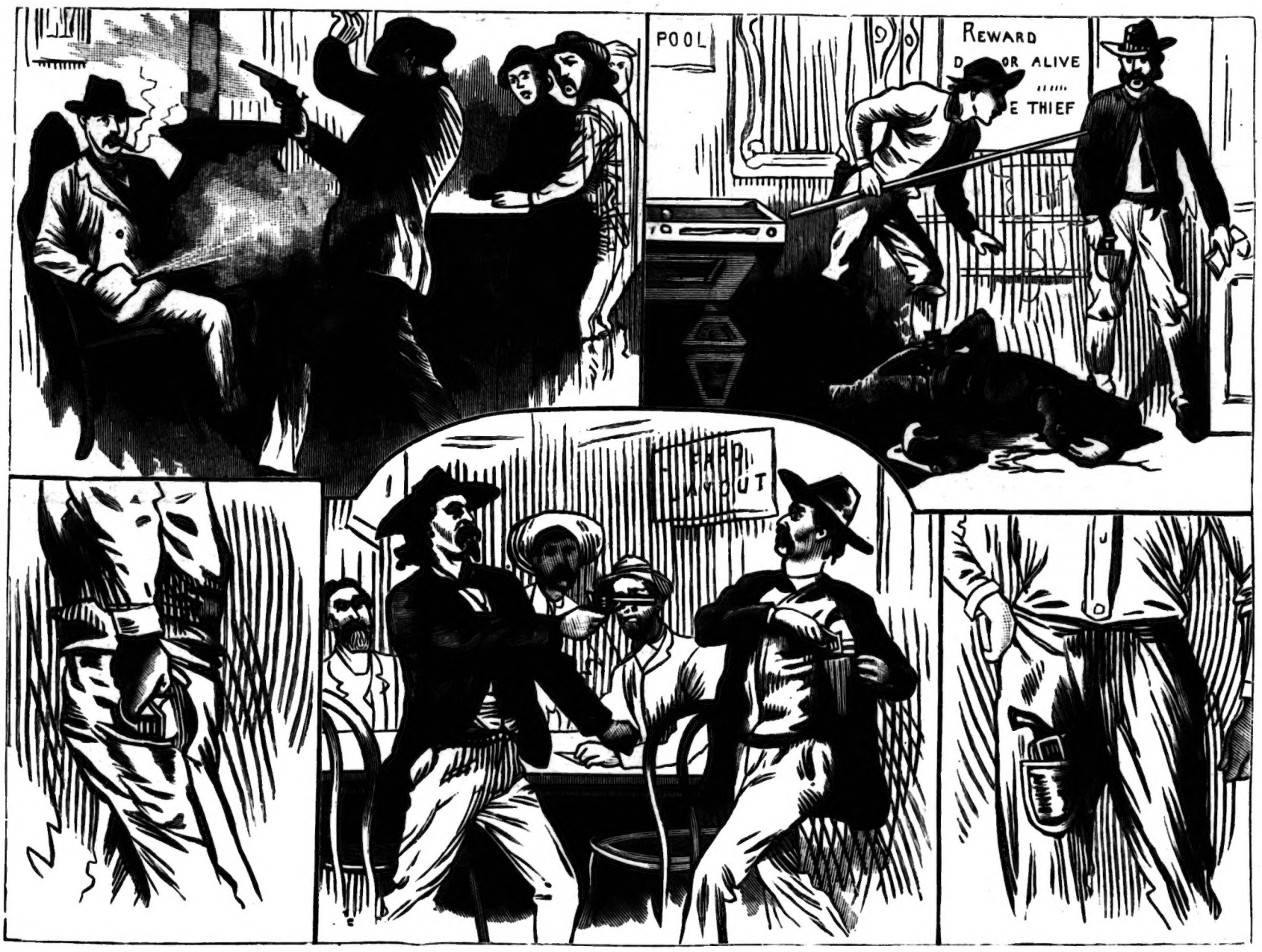
JEMMY LOWES,
A Thorough Sportsman, and Proprietor of Hexham House, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

HARRY WRIGHT,
An All-round Sport and Popular Boxing Promoter, and Proprietor of the "White Hart," Shoreditch.



TOM IRELAND,
Of Mile End, who Met Jack Goldswain at Wonderland, August 2.

JACK GOLDSWAIN,
Of Bermondsey, who Met Tom Ireland at Wonderland, August 2.



VIRGIL EARP IS SHOT IN COLD BLOOD FOR REVENGE.
One of the Four Notorious Brothers Meets with his Reward of Evil Doing.

(Continued from page 11.)

PRIVATE SHOW OUT EASTWARD HO!

LIKE SILAS WEGG, WE INADvertently ran into rhyme. Let this blazing weather be our excuse. Now we will let our reporter have his say. The art of boxing promoting is to always have scrappers ready to answer the call to arms at a moment's notice. Nowhere are there more pugilists or lads ready and willing to enter the pugilistic ranks than in the populous neighbourhoods of Spitalfields, Shoreditch, Hackney, Spitalfields, Mile End, Bethnal Green, Stepney, St. George's, Hoxton, &c. Joe Smith, in order to encourage the youth of these districts in the noble art, started a boxing class at his hostelry, the Queen Victoria, Barnet Grove, Bethnal Green. The instructors are probably the best to be found, as besides Smith, Mike Casey, "Ginger" Elliot, Archie Wright, "Dummy" Forest, Ebb Smith, &c., the best of the profession frequent the house and are willing to teach anyone who cares to enter the ring with them. These are the clubs that teach Englishmen how to take all their opponents can give them and never acknowledge defeat. Try, try again, is the motto of boxers, and if once beaten they never rest till the tables have been turned. How many times have we read during the late battles in South Africa of how the soldiers in close quarters used nature's weapons (with demoralising effect) on the Boers. At close quarters a blow between the eyes will cause those organs to water, and our men have (at times) gallantly saved their officers from death by the use of the noble art. When asked what reward they would like best they have had a commission instead of the coveted V.C., thus following the example of Fighting Mac. To give the lads an opportunity of exhibiting their prowess, Joe Smith now and again gives a private entertainment to which all his patrons are welcome, in fact, no one is barred from partaking of the bill of fare free of charge. Trials and exhibitions between lads anxious to make a name for themselves are sometimes worth seeing more than contests between professionals, whose only object is to pocket some cash. By special desire our representative sparred with Instructor Casey (who won the 10st competition at the N.S.C.), and one gentleman remarked at the close that the referee at Wonderland knew all about the game, and understood not only the theory but the practice itself. During the evening THE MIRROR OF LIFE acted as timekeeper and referee, with Joe Smith as M.C. The Brothers Ross opened the ball with a spirited exhibition showing the usual brotherly love, consisting of hard blows. Four Rounds Contest: Mark Bloom (Spitalfields) and George Shipman (Stepney). The two are anything but novices, and Bloom in the old days when nature's weapons were used would have been certain to have made his mark in the prize ring. Shipman has, at Woolwich and Wonderland, performed well during the past season. After Bloom had set a hot pace in the opening rounds, Shipman with a straight left-hand wiped off arrears, and at the call of time the verdict was a draw. Four Rounds Display: Bert and Will Rosse.—The two displayed the usual love between amateurs, each trying to put the other to sleep. Four Rounds Trial: Archie Wright (Meat Market) and Dummy Forest (Bethnal Green).—These lads met a little while ago at the resort in Whitechapel, and after a fine battle the verdict went to Wright. "Dummy" tried to get his own back, and with Wright willing they went at it hammer and tongs, and had to be separated when the four rounds were over. Mr. Ross, of the Queen Victoria Boxing Club, wound up with Professor Mike Casey in a rattling three rounds spar that was applauded from beginning to end.

JEM MACE GIVES A BOXING Party.—On Thursday afternoon Jem Mace entertained a number of his theatrical and other friends to a boxing display, in which the cream of Midland boxing talent took part. The show was carried through in the open air, a stage and ring having been pitched at the rear of Mace's Hotel, the Black Lion, Coleshill Street, Birmingham, Although all the boxing was of an exhibition character, some of the bouts were contested in vigorous style. Jim Dyer, acted as M.C., and the ball was opened by a couple of amateurs, who put up a rousing spar. Charley Simpson, who recently met Bill Lampshire (London) boxed three dashing rounds with Jem Smart, J. Hines' Midgets covering four rounds at a brisk pace. Tom Lees (Australia) and Bill Peters, a clever pupil of Anthony Diamond, came next. Peters boxed well, Lees not being in such good condition as his rival. Diamond's pupil should cause a flutter amongst the 10st brigade next season, as he is extra clever and very tall for his weight. Jabez White and Albert Hyde put up a rousing set-to, while Ted Phillips and Sam Sorrell also boxed four rounds at express pace. It was expected that Dick Burge would have been present to spar with Mace, but the Londoner telegraphed stating that he regretted being unable to come to Birmingham. The entertainment was so successful that Mace intends to make it a weekly affair until further notice.

GEORGE MUNROE VERSUS HUGHEY McPADDEN.

(From Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

NEW YORK, JULY 25.—ONE OF the fastest and most scientific bouts of the season between little fellows took place at the Sampson A. C. last Monday night. The principals were George Munroe, Terry McGovern's sparring partner, and Hughey McPadden, a Brooklyn boy, who has become prominent in his class of late. They met for twenty rounds. Munroe was superior in cleverness to his opponent, but his rival was the stronger and sturdier puncher. The result was a draw. Munroe and McPadden weighed in at 3 o'clock, at 115lb. In the first round scarcely a blow was struck. In the second, McPadden put Munroe down with a right on the jaw, and the latter took the full count. Munroe did a lot of rushing in the third, but received two counters, which sent him back staggering. The fourth was full of ginger. Monroe played for McPadden's wind, and in this way Hughey's strength was spent. Munroe struck below the belt, and was warned in the fifth. The pair did their fighting at close quarters in the sixth and seventh rounds, and jarred each other. In the eighth there were several hit exchanges. Munroe got the worst of them. McPadden's right hovered quite near Munroe's jaw in the ninth. The latter got to Munroe in the tenth, and George lost his speed. McPadden in the eleventh forced Munroe to a corner, and had him going by beating him in the stomach. Munroe was very tired in the twelfth and thirteenth rounds, and McPadden reached him without much trouble. Munroe recovered somewhat in the fourteenth and fifteenth rounds. In the sixteenth, after receiving two hard drives in the wind, Munroe came back and smashed McPadden with three rights on the jaw, which made Hughey's legs quiver. Munroe was again a-head of McPadden in the seventeenth and eighteenth rounds, and the latter was fast losing ground. Munroe easily held his own in the last two rounds. The referee called it a draw.

FIGHTING PARSONS ARE NOT YET out of fashion. One is still resident in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood, and recently was walking through Lisson Grove when he encountered a burly man thrashing a woman he had promised the self-same clergyman he would comfort, honour, and keep. "Stop that," said the parson. "If you want to fight, fight me. Take off your coat." The ruffian hesitated, but a gentle tap from the clergyman decided him, and presently the two were engaged in a bout which very shortly ended in favour of the representative of the Church Militant, who afterwards led his victim home and made him apologise to his wife for his ill-treatment of her.

GLOVE CONTEST AT STOCKTON. —In a ten rounds contest for £40 and a £10 purse, at Stockton, last Thursday night, P. Powell, of Stockton, beat Ted Pratt, of the same place, on points. Mr. Geo. Boyle, Middlesbrough, officiated as referee.

AMATEUR BOXING ASSOCIATION. - At a sub-committee meeting held recently, it was decided that the hon. sec. should take an office for the Amateur Boxing Association, a vote of thanks being unanimously given to Mr. B. Jno. Angle, the hon. treasurer, for his unvarying kindness in placing a part of his office at Mr. Edgar Walker's disposal for the purpose of carrying on the business of the Association for so many years; and it was resolved that the hon. sec. should convey their thanks and appreciation to Mr. Angle's staff for the great courtesy shown to Mr. Walker on all occasions. The annual general meeting will be held on Thursday, November 8 next, and the twenty-first annual championship competitions will take place at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, W., on Tuesday, April 2, 1901. The hon. sec. informs us that on and after August 11, the office of the Amateur Boxing Association will be at No. 49, Finsbury Pavement, London, E.C.

STEVE FLANNAGAN, OF AMERICA, v. Jack Walker, of London.—Some time since we spoke of this match and the inability, as we thought, of Jack Walker, a 7st 10lb lad at the most, being able to concede 4lb to Steve Flannagan, the admittedly best 8st lad in America. As we write a hitch has taken place in the proceedings, and the match is anything but *au fait accompli*. The rock on which the match has split is the handing over the money to the travellers, Jack Walker and his trainer, in New York instead of England. Failing a match with Jack Walker in America, Steve Flannagan may visit England, and fix up a contest with Walker or any other British boxer at the weight.

STOKER J. DORNEY, OF H.M.S. Royal Adelaide (late of Poplar), hearing of the boxing abilities of Bill Sadler, of St. Luke's, will box him the best of fifteen rounds if any boxing promoter will give a suitable purse worth training for. Business only meant. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will oblige.

PROFESSOR CULLIS GIVES A GOOD Boxing Show.—To Professor Harry Cullis are due many thanks for the splendid boxing entertainments which he promotes in the many towns that he travels through, especially in the Black Country. On Tuesday night a splendid programme was carried out in his commodious saloon situated at Bilston, near Wolverhampton, the chief item undoubtedly being a contest between a local champion, Bonny Ike, of Bilston, and Joe Melanny, of Wolverhampton, who met in a ten rounds contest for £5 a-side and a purse of £5. Details:—Six Rounds Contest: "Dodger" Law (Wolverhampton) beat Harry Murry (Wolverhampton).—Murry was the bigger, but great things were expected of Law, who has challenged England through THE MIRROR OF LIFE at 6st 10lb. The contest, though interesting, was a disappointing one. Law proved himself the cleverer, but could inflict no damage, and tiring in the fourth round was sent down. Murry, however, did not give him him any grace, and striking him when on the floor, was disqualified. Law was therefore declared the winner. Six Rounds Contest: Joe M'Que (Wolverhampton) beat Joe Lyons (Wolverhampton).—This pair were also of the minnow class, though every advantage rested with Lyons. Both lads displayed great cleverness at leading, countering, and ducking, in fact, in every conceivable point in the game. Little M'Que, however, was always one too many for Lyons, and after going four splendid rounds, Lyons, to the great disappointment of all present, gave in, and M'Que was declared the winner. Before the chief event Mike Flyn, London, and Harry Mansfield, of Bristol—who was prepared to box anyone in England at 8st 6lb for £100 a-side—faced each other for an exhibition spar, and despite the difference between them, showed the delighted Bilstonians how battles are lost and won. This over, the principals for the chief event entered the ring for their Ten Rounds Contest: "Bonny Ike," of Bilston, beat Joe Melanny, of Wolverhampton.—Round 1. Melanny was seconded by Bill Leek, of Wolverhampton, and Mike Flynn, of London, whilst Bonny Ike was attended to by Harry Hammersley and J. Springthorpe, assisted by J. Regan. A fair amount was wagered at evens, and amid great excitement the pair faced. Melanny was serious, whilst Bonny Ike's face was wreathed in smiles. Melanny shaped the best, Ike's arms hanging for a swinger. Melanny landed several light left-handers. Then both tried to land their rights, Melanny going for the body and Ike for the head. Several clinches and a lot of fiddling saw the round end slightly in favour of Melanny. Round 2, and last.—Bonny Ike was full of fight, and tried every trick for an opening for his right. Melaney, however, boxed carefully, landing occasionally with his left, and apparently was biding his time. After boxing for about one minute Bonny Ike saw his opportunity, and swung his right hand for the jaw. Melanny, however, was on the alert, and stepped back, but he was not quick enough, the blow landing with terrific force on Melanny's jaw. The latter fell unconscious, and it was fully a minute ere he became himself again. Meanwhile, Bonny Ike had been declared the winner of a contest, in which neither had time to display his latter form. That the latter is a dangerous novice there is no doubt.

CONTEST NO. 2 BETWEEN "STARlight" and Preston.—The attraction at the Victoria Hall, Melbourne, on Saturday, July 16, was the meeting of Fred Preston and "Starlight" in a twenty rounds go for the gate and a side wager. At their previous meeting Preston was given the decision after they had gone the stipulated number of rounds in a very willing manner. At nine o'clock the men entered the ring. "Starlight" had behind him Sam Grey, Mike Walsh, and Mat Daley. Preston's seconds were Charley Green, Jack Marshall, and Tim Hegarty. Mr. Virgoe was chosen referee, Jim Nicholls timekeeper, and Joe Cullen ten seconds check. Details:—At the commencement of the first round Preston accidentally threw "Starlight," who landed on his head. This caused the latter to lose his temper, and precipitated one of the foulest displays of fighting that this hall has seen for a long while. Science was thrown to the winds. Both men contented themselves with palming, wrestling, and hitting in clinches, the referee being powerless to stop them. In the second round Preston had "Starlight" down for nine seconds, while in the third round he came very near outing him on the ropes, the darkie's clever footwork just saving him. The fourth round saw a little fair fighting, "Starlight" did the better scoring of the two. But towards the end of the round both men fell back to fouling one another. "Starlight" received some severe roughing in the fifth round, being sent to the boards three times. On going to his corner "Starlight" caused his seconds to throw in the towel, on account of having broken a small bone in his left hand. The referee then declared Preston the winner.

A. J. SULLIVAN, OF BARRY DOCKS, Cardiff, would like to meet any 8st 6lb London lad. Joe Smith is willing to give a purse for the contest, to come off in about three weeks.

DAVE SULLIVAN KNOCKS OUT LUKE BURKE.

(From Our Own Correspondent at the Ring Side.)

BUFFALO, July 25.

DAVE SULLIVAN, OF NEW YORK, knocked out Luke Burke, of Lowell, in the fourth round of their bout at the Olympic Club, on Monday night. Sullivan was favourite at 2 to 1, but there was little betting. The men roughed it all the way through, and the referee despaired of parting them, and let them fight themselves out of clinches. Burke was the aggressor in the opening round, and had a shade the best of it. Sullivan's superior strength told in mixing it up, but nevertheless Burke scored a clean knockdown in the second, and went flat on his back when Sullivan landed a right swing. They fought savagely throughout the third round, rolling over on the floor, punching in clinches and making a straight slugging match of it. In the fourth, Sullivan rushed Burke and floored him with a hard right on the mouth. Burke took the full count, rose groggy, and rushed at Dave, who swung the right straight to the mark, and put Burke in dreamland.

TED GOODSON (LONDON) AND Bob Wilson (Newcastle) for £100.—The newly-formed athletic club at West Hartlepool held the first of a series of boxing contests on Saturday night, when Ted Goodson, of London, and Bob Wilson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, met in a fifteen rounds contest, for £25 a-side and a £50 purse given by the club. There was a large attendance and the betting ruled slightly in favour of Wilson, who appeared to have some advantage in weight. Goodson was seconded by Frank Morecombe and Ike Moss, of London, and Wilson by "Spot" Hanley and Harry Pearson, of Stockton, Both men looked in perfect condition when they entered the ring. Round 1. Both men sparred carefully for an opening and the London lad, being exceptionally smart on his feet, found a lot of favour. There was little work in this round, and the points were about evenly divided. Round 2. Goodson led with his right in the chest, and the men clinched, Wilson jabbing heavily on the ribs with his right. Light exchanges followed, and Wilson lunged for the jaw with the left but missed, and received a staggering blow on the chest from Goodson's right. Round 3. Both men set to work in earnest, and Goodson landed a telling blow with the left on Wilson's jaw. Wilson then dashed in and got in several heavy body punches which troubled Goodson considerably. Round 4. Goodson led with the left on the face, and the men clinched, Wilson getting his right home on the chin as they broke away. Following up his advantage, Wilson brought left and right on the jaw and neck, and beat Goodson to his knees. The Cockney rose smartly and attempted a darby as time was called. Round 5. Wilson reached the point with his right, and more clinching followed, the Newcastle man again beating his opponent about the body in the breakaway. A heavy swing with the left on the jaw again brought Goodson to the boards, but he was on his feet fairly smartly, and retaliated with a light blow on the chest, and "Time!" was called, Wilson having done practically all the scoring in this round. Round 6. Goodson came up smartly and tried a "darby," but there was very little weight behind his blow, and Wilson, dashing in, punished his man severely, beating him to the boards as "Time!" was called. Round 7. Wilson got his left home on the point of the chin, and sent the Londoner groggy. He followed this with a heavy body blow with the left, and Goodson was seen to be in dire distress. Three times in quick succession the Londoner was beaten to his knees, and time only saved him. Round 8, and Last.—Goodson was a beaten man when he left his corner, and Wilson beat him severely on face and body, eventually getting home a staggering blow with his right on the point of the chin, which stretched the Cockney on the boards, and as he was unable to rise in time, the referee's decision was given in favour of the Tynesider. Andrew Wood, of Gateshead, officiated as referee, and F. Taylor, of Darlington, as timekeeper.

MIKE CASEY, OF ST. LUKE'S, v. Harry Fowler, of Bethnal Green.—Mike Casey, being dissatisfied with his defeat, would like to meet Harry Fowler, on Saturday, 11th, at Wonderland. Joe Barratt will oppose Jem Sweeney, when there will be six other contests.

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Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
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Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
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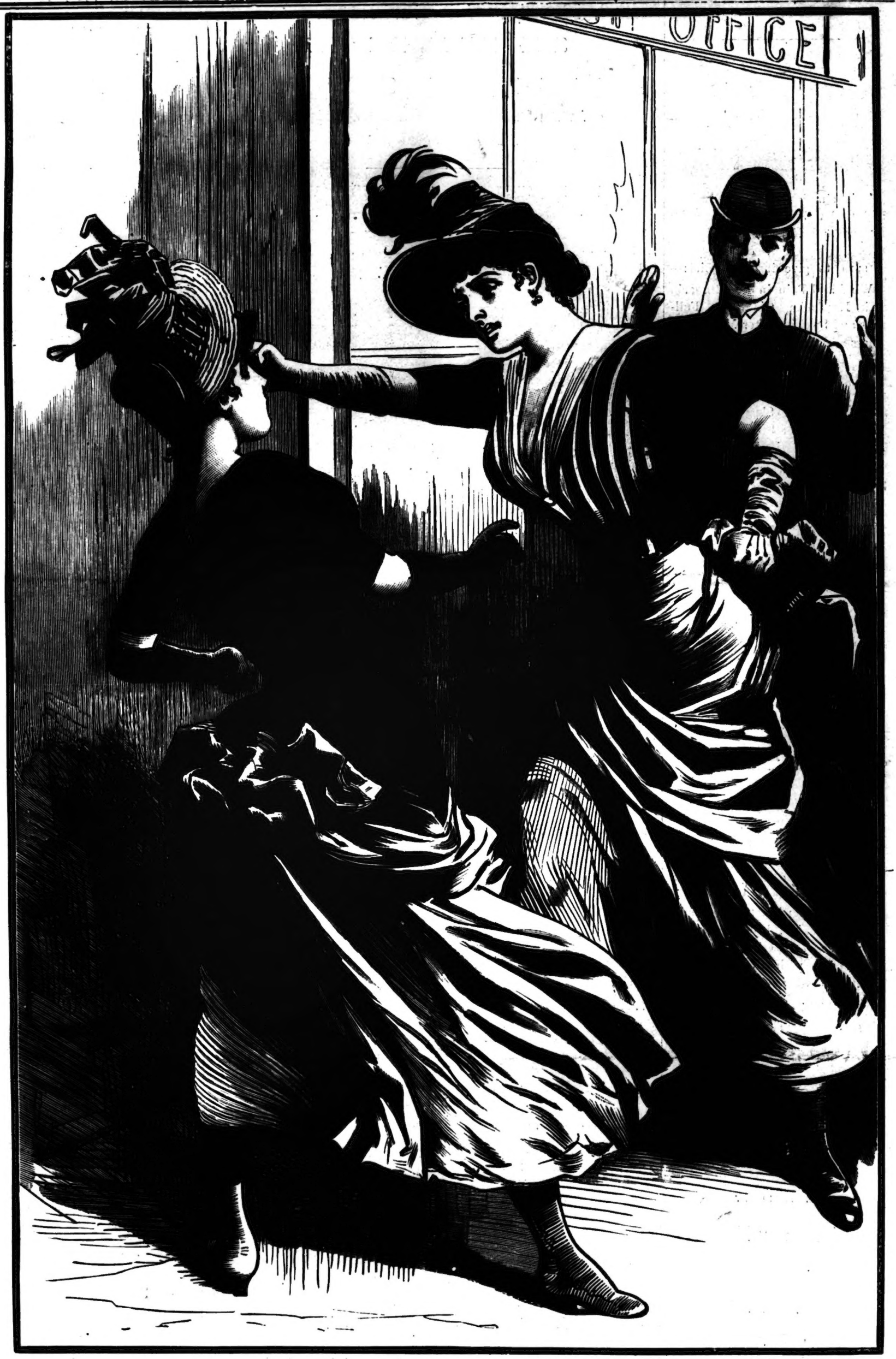

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